

V.I. Ward # 5, 6, Jan. 1935

S.M.
8

MOVIE CLASSIC

SEPTEMBER



10
CENTS



RUBY KEELER
and
DICK POWELL
by

MARLAND
STONE

HOW THE MOVIE STARS KEEP YOUNG

JOIN THE BIG PARADE

Every day in every town the big parade marches up and says, "I want Beech-Nut." Beech-Nut is on the tip of every tongue. It leads in flavor, in goodness, in taste. Join the procession. March up and say, "Beech-Nut please."

Beech-Nut

GUM and CANDIES

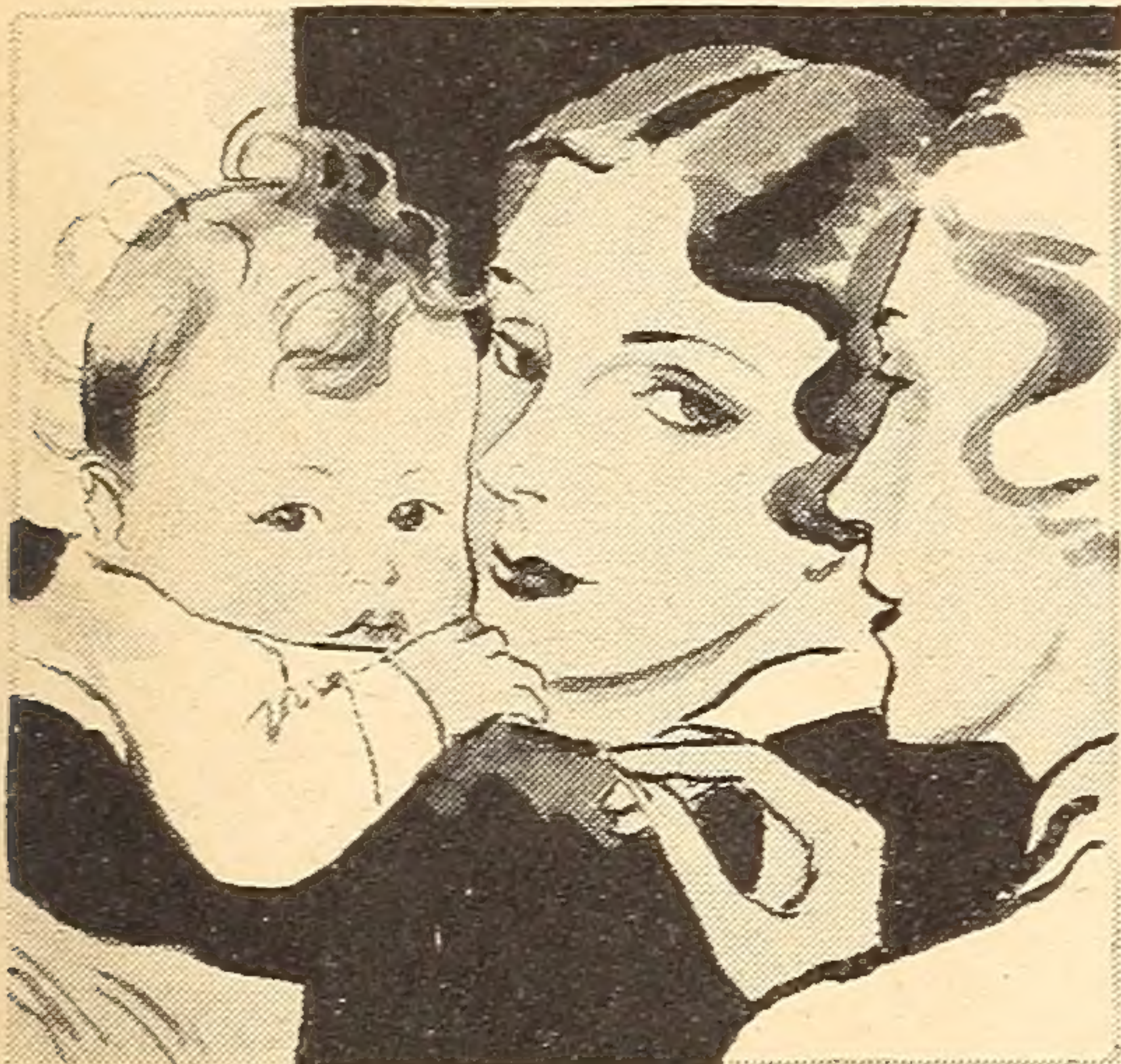


When you choose Beech-Nut
— you choose quality.

Use Beech-Nut Gum after
every smoke—it makes
the next smoke taste better.

Isn't It A Shame!

SWELL GIRL . . . GRAND LITTLE MOTHER . . . BUT OH, HER TERRIBLE TEETH!



Sally's baby is the cunningest thing in town—and women love Sally! She's clever and spirited and gay! But—there's a "but" about Sally!



When the crowd wants to dance or play contract, they always say, "Let's go to Sally's!" But—the "but" about Sally often sends her to bed in tears!



Sally's young husband is handsome—and lately he has had "a wandering eye." Tired of Sally? Never! But—he's noticed. For the "but" about Sally is her teeth.



Sally doesn't know that it's "pink tooth brush" which has robbed her teeth of their brightness, and ruined the charm of her smile. Perhaps she'll ask her dentist.



He'll tell her at once to clean her teeth with Ipana—and to massage Ipana into her gums. He'll tell her to get rid of "pink tooth brush"—to use Ipana.



It won't be long before Sally's young husband will find her just as pretty as when they were engaged! Sally's teeth will soon be brilliant again!

YOUNG mothers have to be even more careful about their teeth than other girls do. But every girl should know that tender gums are responsible for the teeth's looking dingy and grayish.

Your dentist will explain this to you.

"Today's soft foods," he will tell you, "aren't coarse or crunchy enough to exercise your gums.

Avoid "Pink Tooth Brush" with Ipana and Massage!

Lacking stimulation, your gums tend to become flabby and tender. Then—you notice 'pink' on your tooth brush."

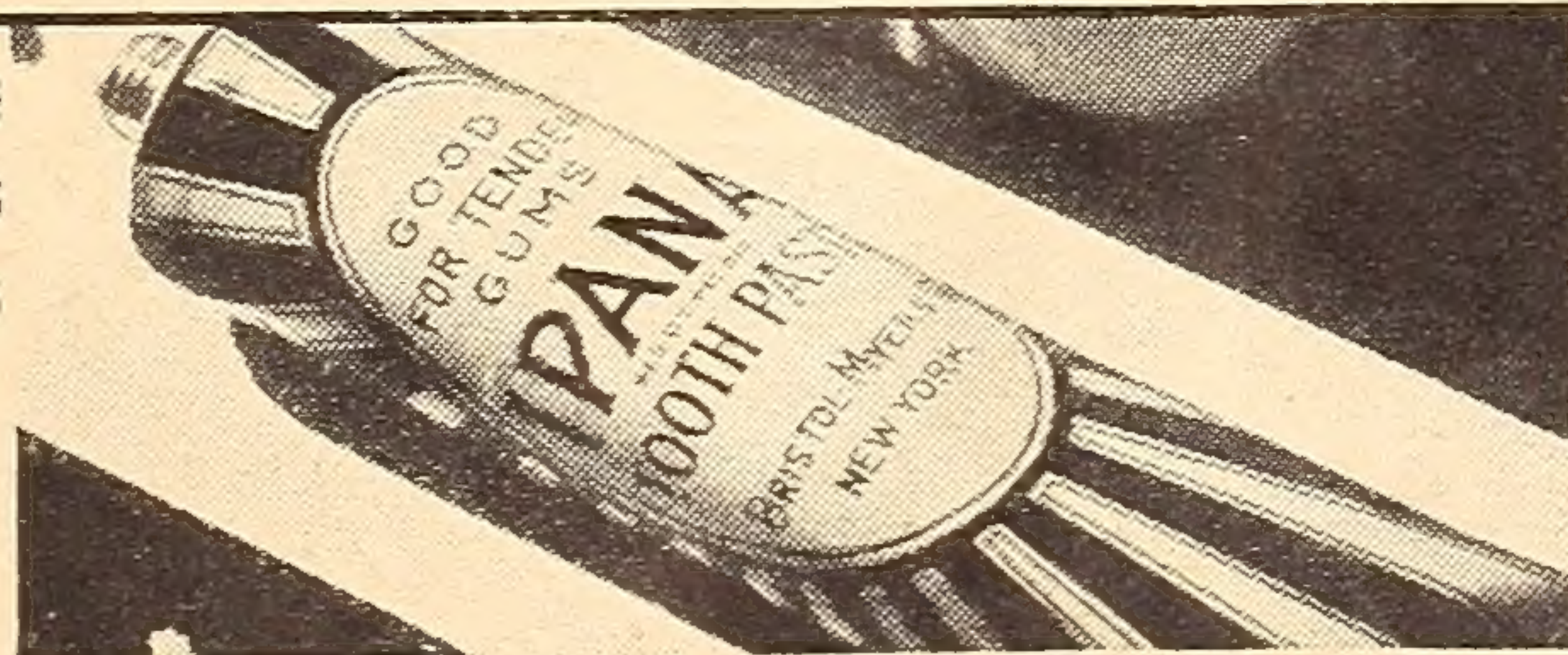
"Pink tooth brush," he'll explain, "is often the first step toward gum troubles as serious as gingivitis and Vincent's disease. It may not only

dull your teeth—but endanger sound teeth."

But he'll tell you how simple it is to check "pink tooth brush." You should clean your teeth with Ipana, and massage a little extra Ipana into your gums—and you'll soon have "pink tooth brush" under control. For the zira-tol in Ipana aids in firming tender gums. Your teeth will soon be brilliant again!

TUNE IN THE "HOUR OF SMILES" AND HEAR THE IPANA TROUBADOURS WEDNESDAY EVENINGS — WEAF AND ASSOCIATED N. B. C. STATIONS

I P A N A
TOOTH PASTE



VISIT

"A CENTURY OF PROGRESS"

SEE IPANA MADE FROM START TO FINISH
See the Ipana Electrical Man. General Exhibits Group Building No. 4 — Chicago, June — October, 1934.

...AND IT'S A GLORIOUS HIT!

Because...more than 62,000 fans
asked for an encore to "Dancing
Lady"...they're together again!

M.G.M. Studios
Hollywood, Cal.
May we please see
Joan Crawford and Clark
Gable co-starred again,
like they were in
"Dancing Lady"?
They were glorious. please
please let us see them
together again
Mary Lou Hart
Cherokee
Lori



JOAN

CLARK

Crawford Gable

CHAINED

with

OTTO KRUGER • STUART ERWIN

A CLARENCE BROWN

PRODUCTION

• Produced by Hunt Stromberg •

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

MOVIE CLASSIC

EDITED IN HOLLYWOOD AND NEW YORK

VOL. 7, No. 1

SEPTEMBER, 1934



RUBY KEELER And DICK POWELL Lead the Parade

This month, presenting Ruby Keeler and Dick Powell on our cover, we are paying tribute to the two most popular stars on the Warner Brothers lot. But more than that. We are also paying tribute to their smart bosses—the Warners, themselves—who are celebrating their twenty-fifth anniversary in films this month.

Part of their celebration will be the release of "Dames," co-starring Ruby and Dick. You will find a photographic preview of it a few pages farther on.

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COVER DRAWING OF RUBY KEELER AND DICK POWELL BY MARLAND STONE

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LOVE IN BLOOM... CAN IT BE THE SPRING THAT SEEMS TO BRING THE STARS RIGHT INTO

BING CROSBY
MIRIAM HOPKINS

in **"She Loves Me Not"**

with Kitty Carlisle · Lynne Overman
Henry Stephenson · George Barbier
Warren Hymer · Directed by Elliott Nugent



MIRIAM HOPKINS
as "Curley Flagg"



a CROSBY-CARLISLE duet



KITTY CARLISLE

"It is, so help me, just about the funniest farce
I have ever seen." —*New York American*

"The most gloriously cock-eyed farce comedy
the season is apt to reveal." —*New York Post*

"A wild farce... a riotous tale... they shouted in
glee at the 46th Street Theatre last night." —*News*

Biggest Broadway Stage Smash in Years! In New York alone, "She Loves Me Not" has already played 250 performances, and every one of them capacity. In addition to this, road companies have been doing land-office business everywhere.

You Ain't Heard Nothing Yet! With Bing Crosby singing love-duets with Kitty Carlisle—with Miriam Hopkins as Curley Flagg—with gorgeous music* by those sensational Paramount song-writing teams—Rainger & Robin, and Gordon & Revel—we are certain that the picture will be as big a hit as the play.

* P.S. We predict that "Love in Bloom" will be the song hit of the year!

PRINCETON



if it's a PARAMOUNT PICTURE it's the best show in town!

THIS ROOM?... CAN IT BE THE TREES THAT FILL THE BREEZE WITH RARE PERFUME?

CHARLES RAY Returns to Films —And Lives a Real Life Drama

AND OTHER INTIMATE HOLLYWOOD GOSSIP

By JACK GRANT



Charles Ray doesn't tell Frances Drake any sob-story in "Ladies Should Listen"—in which he plays the doorman and she plays the telephone operator. And he isn't telling any sob-stories in real life, either. Not Charlie!

CHARLES RAY has never played a rôle in his long and distinguished acting career that held more of a heart-throb than a little scene I saw enacted in the Paramount publicity office last month. Ray had that day called upon his old friend, Douglas MacLean, now a Paramount producer, had been offered a job in the latter's new picture, "Ladies Should Listen," and had accepted it. Now, he was entering the publicity department to talk to the men who would broadcast the news of his return to the screen after six years—whose business it was to "publicize" Charlie Ray, who for so long had had no publicity at all.

He stood silently for a moment in the doorway of the department's "bull pen," where the clatter of a dozen press-agents' typewriters was making a frightful din. He seemed confused by the activity or, perhaps, he had not as yet regained equilibrium after his stroke of sudden and unexpected good fortune. Obviously,

he was unaccustomed to good fortune.

Hesitantly, he asked, "Is Mr. Miles here? I was told to ask for Mr. Johnny Miles." He had to repeat the question to be heard.

"I'm Miles," answered one of the workers.

The visitor's voice was still meek, half-apologetic. "I'm Charlie Ray."

"I know," said Miles warmly. The cordiality of the greeting changed everything. Ray relaxed. He was among friends.

He told of having signed for the part of the doorman in the MacLean picture—not a terribly important rôle, but a good one. "Maybe it will lead to something better." Then, slowly, his own story was related.

More than two years ago, he had been taken ill. The flu. He was very sick and his recovery was slow, arduous. Somehow, his strength refused to return. "The most I could do was to sit up to a type-

writer." He waved toward the battery of machines. "So I wrote a novel."

What kind of novel? Why, about Hollywood, of course. But not an exposé. Be sure to say that it is not bitter. It is just about two kids on the outskirts of pictures. (They would be on the "outskirts!") Rupert Hughes liked the book and sent it to his publishers, who liked it, too. It will probably be out in the Fall.

There was a touch of elation in Charlie's tone when he told of his novel, an elation that quickly vanished as he was pressed to talk of the other months of his six-year absence. There was a whirl at vaudeville—sixty weeks, and that's pretty good. But not much else. He has been living quietly with his parents during his long convalescence.

And one other thing. Please understand that he did not call upon his friend, Doug MacLean, for the purpose of soliciting work. It was a social call, purely social. Even if he was broke, he wasn't begging.

(Continued on page 10)



W. C. Fields gave Baby Le Roy this model ship—and Le Roy registers his opinion of it. Or is he imitating Bing Crosby, about to croon in "Sailor, Beware"?

Relief every woman should know about



ONE of the most comforting times to have Bromo-Seltzer handy is around the trying time of the month. Not only is it helpful in relieving cramps and pains of nerve origin, but it likewise brings additional benefits which every woman will appreciate.

Thanks to its effervescence, Bromo-Seltzer promptly relieves gas on the stomach. If your head is dull or achey... that, too, is quickly relieved. At the same time, you are steadied and soothed. And your alkaline reserve, so necessary for freshness and well-being, is built up by the citric salts in Bromo-Seltzer. Before you know it, you feel like your usual self... comfortable and relaxed.

Only a *balanced* preparation like Bromo-

Seltzer could be so prompt and effective. Mere pain-killers do not bring the same results. Bromo-Seltzer contains 5 medicinal ingredients carefully compounded to bring the most effective results. Each ingredient has a special purpose. Moreover you take it as a *liquid*—hence it works much faster.

For over 40 years Bromo-Seltzer has been a stand-by for headaches, neuralgia, and pain of nerve origin. Always pleasant...ever reliable...it contains no narcotics and doesn't upset the stomach.

It is easy to mix a Bromo-Seltzer at home. Keep a bottle in your medicine cabinet...ready to relieve pain at a moment's notice. Or get it by the

dose at soda-fountains.

There is only one "Bromo-Seltzer" so

look for the *full* name. Imitations are *not* the same balanced preparation... are *not* made under the same careful system of laboratory control that safeguards Bromo-Seltzer. A product of The Emerson Drug Company, Baltimore, Maryland.

NOTE: In cases of persistent headaches, where the cause might be some organic trouble, you should, of course, consult your physician.



BROMO-SELTZER

Quick

Pleasant

Reliable

Intimate Hollywood Gossip

(Continued from page 8)

"I'm in good shape now and I can take care of myself. I know I am going to find myself in this coming year. Don't ask me how I know. I just do. I have become a bit of a philosopher, you know. My chance will come.

"I don't know exactly what it will be. It may be something entirely new or it may be that boy grown up." (The country-boy characterization that Charles Ray made famous he always refers to as "that boy.") "It was 'that boy' that made me a philosopher. To some people he may have been simply a comic character, but to me he was real."

"What do you want me to tell people about you, Charlie?" asked Miles. "Shall I say that you are well off and merely returning as a lark to please your friend, MacLean? Or shall I say . . . ?" and Miles glanced down at the holes in Ray's shoes, through which inexpensive socks could be seen. They told a poignant enough story in themselves.

There was no hesitation in Charlie's voice now. "Tell them the truth," he said. "But don't write sob-stories about me. I've had my fun in this business. There is no reason to sob over me. And besides, these are my comfortable shoes. I always wear them for a walk—a long walk." Then Charlie Ray winked and departed.

It wasn't until after he had gone that we realized how quiet the "bull pen" had become. Not a single typewriter was clattering, not a man in the room working. All had sat absorbed in the real drama that had been unfolded before them—too absorbed to fabricate pallid substitutes for the real thing. For this, my friends, was a tale of Hollywood, the actual, unvarnished, unglorified Hollywood.

Every one of us out here, you see,



Buck Jones can—but doesn't—boast about how long he has been a star. Long enough to have his little girl, Maxine, grow up and be his constant pal . . .



Wide World

This is something new in portrait sitting, *a la* Malibu Beach. Left to right, Peggy Shannon, Wynne Gibson, Arline Judge and Randolph Scott seat themselves in the Pacific Ocean and let the breakers send chills up their backs

remembers the final gesture, the magnificent gesture that Charlie Ray made before his retirement. He gave a party, perhaps the biggest party Hollywood has ever had, invited all of Hollywood to be his guests—and the next day announced himself bankrupt. And for this gesture he is an immortal.

He would not admit failure!

Other Old-Timers Return

CHARLIE RAY is not the only star of earlier day who is staging a return. Jack Mulhall has been seen recently in several Paramount pictures, as have George Walsh, William Farnum and Helene Chadwick.

Now comes the announcement that Thomas Meighan has been signed for a leading rôle in "Peck's Bad Boy," starring Jackie Cooper. He has come to Hollywood from his home in the East.

George's Lucky Lateness

GEORGE BRENT had a miraculous escape from death because he was delayed on a sound stage and couldn't keep an appointment. George has been taking flying lessons and needs only a few more hours in the air to obtain a pilot's license.

He had a date with his instructor for two o'clock, but was held up a half-hour. The pilot, tired of waiting, took up another student and the plane crashed in the Hollywood hills, killing both men. A strut broke in flight.

George will probably continue to be late for every appointment. So far as observers can see, however, he has no appointment for a reconciliation with Ruth Chatterton.

Epidemic

AN infantile paralysis epidemic has had Hollywood more than a little worried for the past month. Children of the stars have been rushed out of town and no one is holding swimming parties. It seems that the germ thrives in still water.

One film personality, Hal Rosson—estranged cameraman-husband of Jean Harlow—is known to have contracted the dread disease. He is now on the road to recovery without serious effects. Myrna Loy and Ida Lupino have been ill, but the reports that they have been ill with infantile paralysis remain unconfirmed.

It was said, when Rosson was first taken ill, that his sickness might lead to a reconciliation with Jean Harlow. Jean refused to make a statement until she knew that Hal was out of danger. Then she announced that she would proceed with her divorce plans. Papers may be filed even before you read this.

You may take it from us that Jean and Rosson won't patch it up.

Requiescat in Pace

SERVICES for the late Dorothy Dell were marked by lack of mob demonstrations so frequent at movie funerals of late. The street crowds in both Hollywood and New Orleans (where she was buried) actually behaved with proper respect. . . . Ruth Etting, whom Dorothy replaced in the "Follies," thereby winning her first important recognition, sang at the chapel services in Hollywood. As the last notes of her song, "The Rosary," died away, Ruth fainted. . . . Dorothy's last picture, "Shoot the Works"—was also the last picture of the late Lew Cody.

The Baer Market

HOLLYWOOD cashed in heavily, betting on Max Baer to win the world's heavyweight championship. Carnera money was not to be found out here and the few who journeyed East for the fight placed bets by the score for their friends. Richard Dix was one of the largest winners; W. S. Van Dyke, director of Baer in "Prizefighter and the Lady," was another.

Maxie's screen future is still undecided. With the current wave of disapproval against pictures at its peak, the studios are moving carefully. A canvass of women's clubs and other reform organizations is being conducted to determine if there is any objection to the prizefighter star. If there is, Baer won't be signed for films.

A bit silly, but that's the way it is.

Dis and Dat

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS has leased a castle in England. It is a tiny, modest place with only eighty-two reported bedrooms. . . . John Gilbert has signed a five-year contract to star for Columbia. His first will be "The Captain Hates the Sea." . . . Jean Muir is still trying for that reputation of the frankest girl in Hollywood. Gloria Stuart deserves the reputation as she isn't trying. . . . Patricia Ellis has gone blonde. . . . Carole Lombard and the crooning Russ Columbo seem really interested. . . . Clara Lou Sheridan, one of the few survivors of Paramount's "Search for Beauty," is begging to do a Western picture. It's the first time on record any girl has ever *wanted* to do one. . . . John Boles still trembles and is nervous about walking through a preview crowd. . . . John Barrymore is very ill on his yacht—and Loretta Young was finally operated upon for a two-and-a-half-year-old ailment. . . . Francis Lederer went without food for a full week before starting his new picture. He claims that the thinner he is, the more romantic. . . . Marlene Dietrich being seen about with Brian Aherne. . . . Chevalier squiring Norma Shearer to a preview.

Grace Moore Triumphs

SUCH thunderous applause as your correspondent has seldom heard in a movie theatre climaxed the preview of Grace Moore's starring appearance for Columbia, "One Night of Love." Applause was frequent throughout the film, for Grace sings a total of nine operatic arias. But at the finale, the "Madame Butterfly" aria, the audience went wild, literally cheering.

So excited and pleased was Grace Moore's Continental husband, Valentin Parera, that he publicly kissed Harry Cohn on both cheeks. And was the producer's face red!

Garbo Notes

WHENEVER they run out of material on Garbo, the publicity department remembers her 1925 Lincoln, which she still drives. You should see the clippings they received from the simple expedient of announcing that it had a new windshield wiper.

Until the day they started shooting "The Painted Veil," Garbo avoided meeting Richard Boleslavsky, her director. Once she came as near to it as entering the same office where he sat in conference. Then, seeing him, she ran. Subsequently, he sent her a card saying, "Don't run. I'm more afraid of you than you are of me."

While on the subject of Garbo, allow us to announce that she has wired the backyard of her present home—barbwired it, a la No Man's Land.



I Thought I was Different, I know Better now!

"THIS is a hurly burly world—rushing around—gulping down food—staying up late—no time for exercise.

"So it isn't strange that, like a lot of us, I had to take a laxative now and then.

"And when that happened I used to go to the medicine cabinet and get the bottle of 'strong stuff' I had been using for years.

"This time the bottle was empty—and next to it was a little blue box with the word 'Ex-Lax' on it. I knew Ex-Lax. It was that little chocolate tablet my children always take, which I thought is good for children only.

"But it was after midnight and the stores closed, so I said to

myself 'I'll try this Ex-Lax tonight—maybe it'll work on me, too.'

"Next morning I learned that Ex-Lax was just as effective for me as the strong, nasty stuff I had been using for years. That a laxative didn't have to be unpleasant and violent to be effective.

"So I say to you: If you think *you* are different, try Ex-Lax tonight! A box of six tablets is only a dime, and I'm sure you'll be as pleased with it as I am."

WATCH OUT FOR IMITATIONS!

Ex-Lax has stood the test of time. It has been America's favorite laxative for 28 years. Look for the genuine Ex-Lax—spelled E-X-L-A-X. At all drug stores, in 10c and 25c boxes.

Keep "regular" with
EX-LAX
The Chocolate Laxative

IT WILL NOT FORM A HABIT

Intimate Hollywood Gossip



Most college pictures are football films. But "Student Tour" is going to be different. It's going to be a foot-fall film. The coach is Chester Hale, and the co-eds are quick about learning their signals and holding that line

Three Walk-Outs

LILIAN HARVEY and Fox have decided to call it quits. Unable to agree upon her next story, they tore up Lilian's contract by mutual consent. She is now considering other offers, and Pat Paterson and Alice Faye are drawing the assignments originally intended for Lilian at Fox.

Bette Davis staged a one-girl rebellion at Warners and walked out on her assignment in "The Case of the Howling Dog" with Warren William. After her great success in "Of Human Bondage," which she steals from Leslie Howard, Bette thought her rôle in the detective story unimportant.

With only a few more months to go on his RKO contract, Joel McCrea refused to play a part on loan to another studio and was promptly suspended.

Charles Boyer, hubby of Pat Paterson, is said to have bought up his Fox contract, rather than play musical comedy rôles.

It isn't such a dull summer, after all.

Kate Goes Domestic

KATHARINE HEPBURN has taken a two-year lease on a home in Bel Air. That should be answer enough to the reports that Hepburn is quitting motion pictures. She is scheduled for "The Little Minister," "The Forsyte Saga" and "Joan of Arc," among other things—and may do "Anne of Green Gables" and "Tudor Wench" for good measure.

Marlene Untroubled

ONE of those little anonymous items in which present-day columnists delight appeared during the recent Paramount sales convention in Hollywood. It read, "What famous Paramount star snooted the visiting salesmen yesterday on the lot? She apparently thought them a party of tourists."

Reading the item, Joan Marsh frantically telephoned the publicity depart-

ment. "I didn't mean to be rude," she said. "I was just in a hurry to get to the wardrobe department, so I ran right by them. Should I have stopped to speak? No one called to me."

Apologies were subsequently received from two other baby starlets on the Paramount roster. But none came from Marlene Dietrich, to whom the item referred. Dietrich refused to meet the salesmen informally. She said she planned to come to one party given in their honor. That was enough, and more, according to Marlene.

Her rumored feud with Josef von Sternberg over "Scarlet Empress" is all off. Everything is sweetness and light again. Marlene is even going to let her director take her back to a cinematic Russia for her next picture, "Red Pawn."



How would you like to have this for a papa? Norma Shearer does, in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street." Recognize Charles Laughton under side whiskers?

The Wests Come West

MAE WEST is holding a family reunion. Her father, Jack West, ex-prize-fighter, her brother and sister have already arrived in Hollywood. Other members of the family are on the way.

Incidentally, Mae was the hit of the Paramount convention party at Emanuel Cohen's home. She came late, staging an impressive entrance, and stole the show. Not a salesman in the room had eyes for anyone else after Mae arrived. . . . And Mae, ever the smart show-woman, had a censor on the set of "That St. Louis Woman" (formerly "It Ain't No Sin") to anticipate complaints. And only a couple of scenes had to be "laundered"!

Problem-Child

IN Lee Tracy's new picture, "You Belong to Me," a boy actor named David Jack Holt is giving an amazing performance. But this same young fellow is also causing an amazing lot of trouble, due to the fact that every time Director Al Werker is ready to take a scene, David wants to go some place.



Fredric March, who just adopted a second child, has also adopted sideburns. Which makes him Charles Laughton's son-in-law in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street"

They are considering changing the title to "Little Man, What Again?"

Do you know what Isabel Jewell's pet name for Lee Tracy is? She calls him "Angel," not only in private, but in public. Strangers seldom know whom she means. You have to get used to it.

Anent Clean Pictures

GENEVIEVE TOBIN, Irene Castle McLaughlin's candidate for the title of "Hollywood's Best-Dressed Woman," said a mouthful to New York reporters when she landed there after a

(Continued on page 14)

WARNER BROS. "GO TO THE TOP" "GIGGERS" FOR 1934!

DAMES

With 14 Noted Stars Including

RUBY KEELER • DICK POWELL

JOAN BLONDELL • ZASU PITTS

GUY KIBBEE • HUGH HERBERT

And Hundreds of Glorious Busby Berkeley Beauties



Directed by **RAY ENRIGHT** of "20 Million Sweethearts" Fame



Sumptuous Musical Presentations Created and Arranged by **BUSBY BERKELEY**



Five New Song Successes by **WARREN & DUBIN • RAHAI & FAIN • WRUBEL & DIXON**



Intimate Hollywood Gossip



It looks like a class picture—and that's just what it is. These are the newest members of the dramatic art class at Fox Studios, who get expert coaching. Left to right, front row, they are: Betty Bryson, Julie Cabanne, Richard Brodus, Joan Sheldon, Paul McVey, Shirley Aaronson and Phillipa Hilber. Second row: Carli Taylor, Ardel Unger, Pat Cunning, Mary Blackwood, Ann Nagel, Fred Wallace, Blanca Vischer, William Stelling, Florine Dixon, Glenn Gallagher, Ginger Briton, Vincent Carato and Al Gibson

(Continued from page 12)

vacation abroad. They asked her to comment on the "clean-up" campaign directed against Hollywood. She said: "I went to England because I'm sick of playing a vamp. I'm not a vamp off the screen, so I managed to have a good rest. If the churches can reform the movies, they're doing something that actors and actresses have been trying to do. No actress wants to play in an indecent picture. You may be able to hold out twice against such a picture, but usually, owing to contracts, you find you're in a picture you don't want to play."

To date, she is the only star who has spoken out on the subject for quotation. But others have commented . . .

Samuel Goldwyn announced cancellation of plans to produce "Barbary Coast" as Anna Sten's third American picture. He said he didn't want the present agitation for "so-called clean pictures, designed for children," to spoil "a strong, full-bodied story." He says it will still be a good story a few years from now, and he'll wait—rather than "suffer for the sins of other producers."

Cecil B. De Mille, producer and director, denies that movies are any more indecent or immoral than daily newspapers and says that both reflect life. He claims that the present agitation is making a whole great industry suffer for the stepping-out-of-bounds of a few producers.

Rob Wagner, editor of "Script," Beverly Hills' own magazine, and a friend of the movie intelligentsia, expresses sympathy with the movement to rid the screen of vulgarity—which isn't art, he says. You may be sure that his attitude

reflects that of many movie higher-ups.

Westbrook Pegler, syndicated columnist, pokes fun at the rabid demands of some reformers—saying he is trying to write a scenario called "The Sweetest Story Ever Told," but he has to have both a hero and a heroine, and that immediately brings in the sex element. He says that movies and radio are hampered to-day, while newspapers aren't, because they cringed at the first adverse blows, instead of fighting for free speech.



Who said Ben Turpin was cock-eyed? He saw that musicians are in demand. So, for his screen return, he's taking up saxophone playing, two pieces at a time

Meanwhile, every studio is announcing plans for memorable and worthwhile pictures—most of which, incidentally, were being planned before the present agitation ever started. Such pictures as: "Anthony Adverse," "David Copperfield," "Pickwick Papers," "Anne of Green Gables," "The Little Minister," "The Wizard of Oz," "Great Expectations," "Green Mansions," "The County Chairman," "The Tale of Two Cities," "Pride and Prejudice," "Joan of Arc," "Richelieu," "Lives of a Bengal Lancer" and numerous others. And don't forget the start for a cleaner screen that producers had already made with such pictures as "Cavalcade," "Little Women," "The House of Rothschild" and "Of Human Bondage," among others.

Dix Springs a Surprise

RICHARD DIX had Hollywood thinking that he was giving up pictures for a long holiday—a holiday long enough to take a leisurely trip around the world, seeing everything worth seeing, doing everything worth doing, tasting the foods of all nations. And he had hardly reached New York when Hollywood picked up its morning newspaper to read that Rich had married his secretary, Virginia Webster. He met her seven months ago, when she won over six hundred applicants for the job, and was attracted to her "more than casually" because she "took her job so seriously." (There's a tip for you girls who want to marry your bosses.) Due to the illness of his father in California, Rich canceled all plans for a world trip and returned

(Continued on page 78)

CLAUDETTE
COLBERT

in
Fannie Hurst's

Imitation
of
Life

Directed by

JOHN M. STAHL

THE MAN WHO DIRECTED
"BACK STREET"
and
"ONLY YESTERDAY"

Produced by
CARL LAEMMLE, JR.

A CARL LAEMMLE PRESENTATION ★ IT'S A UNIVERSAL PICTURE

A TINGLE DOWN HIS SPINE

A True Hollywood Short, Short Story

By JACK GRANT

THEY were nearing the end of the picture. Only the spectacular fighting sequences remained to be filmed and more than half of them had been taken. One more day, the director was sure, would see them through. He made this observation to the leading man.

"I fear you are being a bit optimistic," the actor said. "There is a tingle down my spine."

"And what might that mean?" the director inquired.

"I shall be injured in the very next take," was the startling announcement.

The director glanced at the face of his leading man. Seeing no signs of an intended jest, he attempted reassurances. Jangled nerves, probably. Nearly all actors indulge in temperament, entertain hallucinations, toward the end of a picture. And this had been a particularly exacting, arduous picture. "Nonsense, man," the director began. "You're simply . . ."

"I know what you are about to say," the actor interrupted.

"I'm overwrought. I'm tired and nervous. It so happens that I am none of these things. I'm really completely in control of myself. But—*there is a tingle down my spine.*"

"We have never discussed anything of the sort, you and I, so I have no knowledge of your views upon sub-conscious divinations, omens, or premonitions of disaster. I don't know if you believe such things are possible. I haven't an explanation for the strange premonitions I have experienced, but I have learned to heed the warning of a tingling spine.

"My earliest recollection of the phenomenon dates back to the age of eight. I was born and raised in the West Indies, you know, where my father headed an English banking house. I played with other children from the English settlement and one of our favorite games was our own variation of 'cowboy and Indian.'

"Upon one particular occasion, I was an 'Indian' being chased by a 'cowboy.' I ran through the woods toward an old fortress ruin, the other lad hot in pursuit. Suddenly, I felt a peculiar tingling sensation along my spine and stopped dead in my tracks. My pursuer, not expecting me to halt, ran into me, upsetting us both. As we picked ourselves up, we saw the gateway of the fort crash before us. Certainly, had we continued to run, we would have been buried under the falling stone walls.



Illustrated by
JOHN J. FLOHERTY, JR.

"It was not until some time later that I connected a tingle down my spine with impending danger. The next time it happened, I was swimming. I felt an odd sensation and, thinking it a sign of exhaustion, stopped to tread water. At that moment, I sighted the dorsal fin of a shark, coming right for me. I started a race for shore that I won by only a tiny margin.

"Sharks are very common in the waters of the West Indies and I had a second narrow escape from one. By swimming zig-zag, I eluded a vicious big fellow. A tingling spine warned me that time, too.

"Many other times, I have received this sub-conscious warning. Once, while walking in the hills at night, I felt impelled to stop. Lighting a match, I saw I was standing on the brink of a rocky precipice. One more step would have tumbled me over. . . . Another time, I was descending a mountainside when my spine began tingling. Something told me to climb back to the summit. I had just started back when there was a landslide below me.

"Scores of automobile accidents have been avoided by some involuntary action upon my part. I have said that I can't explain it, but I have learned to heed the warning of a tingle down my spine. And right now I know I will be hurt in the next scene. In the leg, I believe."

Which is exactly what occurred. Henry Wilcoxon, playing *Marc Antony* in C. B. De Mille's "Cleopatra," walked into the scene and was carried out on a stretcher. The shot called for a duel with swords in which *Marc Antony* breaks the blade of his opponent, whereupon the other warrior hurls the broken sword at *Antony's* head. *Antony* protects himself with his shield.

But in the fury of the fighting, someone slipped and the sword was thrown too low. It caught Wilcoxon in the leg.

It was three weeks before Wilcoxon was in shape for re-takes. When they were ready to shoot the fight a second time, someone asked kiddingly: "How's the old spine, Henry?"

"Sorry, I'd like to say 'all right,'" Wilcoxon replied. "But I am going to be injured again."

He was. The thrust from a broadsword laid open the little finger of his right hand, a painful cut, clean to the bone. If you watch closely, you can see it on the screen. And when you do, remember that he had a premonition of the accident. There was a tingle down his spine!

Here's your *Entertainment map* for the new season

THEY ALL LOOK SWELL TO ME!

THE WORLD MOVES ON
with Madeleine Carroll
Franchot Tone

HAROLD LLOYD
in *"The CATS-PAW"*

SAY, POP, LET'S ALL SEE *"THE CATS-PAW."*

ZANE GREYS
The DUDE RANGER
with George O'Brien

JANET GAYNOR and LEW AYRES
in *"SERVANTS' ENTRANCE"*
with Ned Sparks · Walter Connolly

THESE PICTURES SPELL PLENTY OF GOOD TIMES FOR US.

CHARLIE CHAN
in *LONDON*
with Warner Oland

SERENADE
with Pat Paterson · Nils Asther
Herbert Mundin · Harry Green

MARIE GALANTE
with Tracy Spencer
Ketti Gallian
Ned Sparks · Stepin Fetchit

WILL ROGERS
in *"JUDGE PRIEST"*

LIFE BEGINS AT FORTY

CARAVAN
with Charles Boyer
Loretta Young
Jean Parker

THE STATE versus ELINOR NORTON
Mary Roberts Rinehart's famous novel.

FOX

For real good times . . . real good movies . . . just follow this Fox map. Never before such a raft of good stories . . . such a galaxy of stars. Read these titles through again . . . watch out for them at your favorite theatre. Every one's a winner . . . pictures no movie fan wants to miss.

Contrast her life with yours



HER life is outdoors . . . the wind . . . the sun . . . the blue, murmuring Pacific. Yours is confined . . . the home . . . the school room . . . the factory . . . the office. Her food is plain and invigorating. Yours is rich and disturbing. Her breath is as sweet as the hibiscus in her hair—and she knows it. Yours . . . well, you really don't know . . . you merely hope.

Don't offend others!

Hurry and worry, over-indulgence in eating or drinking, little or no exercise, all have a bearing on the condition of the breath. Is it any wonder that so many Americans have halitosis (unpleasant breath)? The insidious thing about it is that you yourself never know when you are guilty of this offense. But you needn't be guilty if you will simply rinse the mouth with Listerine, the quick deodorant. Listerine combats unhealthy mouth conditions and overcomes the odors arising from them. Use it morning and night and between times before meeting others. It makes you acceptable to them. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.

LISTERINE checks halitosis
(unpleasant breath)





Photo by Ray Jones

GRACE BRADLEY—AS MODERN AS CELLOPHANE

They wrap everything else in cellophane these days, so why not movie starlets? Grace—who looks at times like a new Barbara La Marr—is one worth keeping. She is in "The Cat's-Paw" and "The Pursuit of Happiness"



IS THERE A HINT OF GARBO IN DRUE LEYTON?

If there is, it's unconscious. This bright-eyed newcomer from the New York stage is nobody's imitator. Maybe you noticed her in "Change of Heart." Now she's the charmer in the case in "Charlie Chan's Courage"



Portrait by Clarence Sinclair Bull

MADGE EVANS ISN'T WORRIED BY REFORMERS

The college boys and the "clean-up" brigade agree on one thing—there's nothing wrong with Madge or her acting. She's one movie gal they can go for in a big, idealistic way—and, moreover, will—in "Paris Interlude"



Portrait by Hurron

MARIAN NIXON HAS MET SOME MEN IN WHITE

Marian is the latest dainty daredevil to postpone an appendicitis operation until finishing a movie. In Marian's case, it was "We're Rich Again." Mending now, she's looking at European travel folders, planning a rest cure

MOVIE CLASSIC



When a picture has to be saved, directors call on GINGER ROGERS!

MOVIE CLASSIC

You'll Read It in
THESE PAGES FIRST

TOO VALUABLE TO STAR

By WILLIAM F. FRENCH

LESS than a year ago, Ginger Rogers was yearning for a chance to play *Joan of Arc*, and worrying about passing out of pictures, along with the vogue for musicals. Last month, rated as the most-sought player Hollywood has ever known, Ginger Rogers signed a non-starring contract—because she is too valuable to star. How come? Because, as support to other stars, she can be constantly loaned to other studios—and at a steadily increasing rental price.

Within the year Ginger has skyrocketed from the status of a "nice kid for color" to rating as the most versatile lady of films. To-day, as the best little teammate in captivity, she is considered a picture-saver by producers and a picture-stealer by fans. During this past year she has proved conclusively that she can team up with any star in Hollywood—dancer, crooner, wisecracker, romancer, roughneck or comic dumbbell.

Ginger came to this town, where bluff and front are calling cards, with the naive notion that true ability was its own best advertisement. She agreed with the philosopher that if you invented a better mouse-trap than anyone else or had a better high kick, the world would beat a path to your door. It was a theory that

cost Ginger heartache and weary waiting, in spite of her background of five pictures and success as a musical comedy star on Broadway.

"You'll have to put on an act to attract attention if you expect to get anywhere out here," her agent warned her. "You'll have to do something to attract attention, something to make 'em want you."

And after making "The Tip Off," the picture for which she was brought from the East, Ginger did hit a dead calm. She would not haunt the studios—and she would not blow her own horn, in a town where horn-blowing is the favorite sport. She didn't tell everyone how good she was and what she had done—and, to use her own expression, "Hollywood apparently didn't know I was alive."

Still Knows Her Old Friends

GINGER is real, and hates pretense. She is film-dom's truly "All-American" miss. She is as native as any girl that the plains of Dakota, the hills of Virginia or the woods of Oregon can produce. She is the same to-day as she was back in Texas when she won the Charleston contest that started her on her career. Her

(Continued on page 72)

HOW MOVIE STARS KEEP YOUNG

By DOROTHY SPENSLEY



HOLLYWOOD is America's Fountain of Youth—the place where men and women alike have discovered the secret of How to Stay Young, where the advancing years leave no marks on faces or forms. Consider, for example,



Proctor McGee, Corsetière Beverly Bouvet, Scalp Stimulator Helen Clark and Muscle-BUILDER Pat O'Dea, all catering to a Hollywood clientele.

"In the backs of the hands, the throat, and the eyes," answered Mlle. Rubinstein, at the moment holding a skin revival in Hollywood.

"In the axillary muscles," said Dr. McGee. "That is,

the fleshy portion back of the armpits. There is no way, other than by surgery, to disguise the attacks of old age when it strikes there."

"The breasts. They sag, and add ten or fifteen years to a woman's appearance," responded Miss Bouvet.

"In the hair—which gets thin and loses its vitality," said Miss Clark.

"The posture," Pat O'Dea told me. "We don't have women members, but I know that a bad posture and a prolapsed colon will slow down a man at least twenty years."

Very well, the answer is hands, throat, eyes, armpits, breasts, hair, posture. And, in modern slang, so what.

The Battle of All Ages

IT means that Hollywood, capital of loveliness and beauty, is the world's greatest battlefield. Behind Venetian blinds, ruffled taffeta curtains, in back of chromium and white-enamel waiting-rooms, there is

Blonde Toby Wing and brunette Clara Lou Sheridan point out where old age first appears and rejuvenation begins. Top left, the chin, which doubles. Top right, gray hair at the temples. Above; sacs under the eyes. Left: the back of the neck, where fat comes

the number of years that you have watched and admired certain beauties of the screen who must be approaching the four-decade mark. Today they still retain the illusion of youth with their supple figures, their smooth, crinkleless skins, their soft, luxuriant hair. How? The answer is: Hollywood wizardry.

"Where does a woman first show her age?" I asked Cosmetician Mala Rubinstein, Plastic Surgeon Rea

They've got to "keep young and beautiful" if they want to be stars—and here's the way they do it. *These secrets have never been told before!*

going on in Hollywood, constantly, day and night, the biggest battle ever waged against advancing age.

To the average person, a forehead wrinkle causes a momentary fret. To the film star, it is a catastrophe. "Crow's-feet" about the eyes, "dowager's hump"; fat at the back of the neck, sagging muscles, puffed eyelids, baldness, fallen bosoms—all spell professional suicide. All the artistic training and professional experience that have gone to make them world-famous are for naught when old age begins its encroachments.

True, another wrinkle added to beloved May Robson's plastic, expressive face is not a blight, but a benediction. The same may be said of other character stars, George Arliss, Lionel Barrymore, Helen Westley. But the



Therefore, if the stars have penetrated the secrets of retaining youth, why can't we? With Hollywood's youthifying wizards open to interview, let us find out some of their theories.

Save the Surface

"If you do not cherish your youth enough to protect it—it will leave you," Mlle. Rubinstein quotes Docteur Maurice Delort as saying. That is also the *leit motif* of Hollywood's rejuvenation cantata. "Save the surface and save all," is one theory, and the cosmeticians are, naturally, its disciples. They specialize in stimulating skin circulation, both youthifying and beautifying complexion.

Forty is the danger time for women, Mlle. Rubinstein finds. Skin begins to yellow, muscles sag, eyes lack luster, hand skin wrinkles, crinkles appear in the neck, some women's eyelids puff. Then is the time for immediate action. Ten or

With young Toby Wing playing patient, equally young Clara Lou Sheridan points out where plastic surgery can work miracles. Above she indicates where "face lifting" is done. Top: She indicates where eye lids may be "lifted"

beauty kings and queens who have attained popularity through appearance, rather than acting ability, what happens to them when Mother Nature decides to slow down, to stoke the furnaces less plentifully, to lessen glandular activity. They are the people who run frantically for help. And find it.

There are reductionists, cosmeticians, scalp treatment parlors, beauty studios, corset and brassiere shops, plastic surgeons, peopled with earnest, conscientious craftsmen, seeking the answer to the world's most baffling problem, How to Stay Young. Many of them are scientists, who are eagerly watching the progress of this battle against the changes that come with the years. They are animated by their desire to help the human race, and, above all, to prolong the productiveness of useful humans—humans whose profession demands outward physical perfection.

fifteen minutes of intensive beauty attention a day should do wonders. An eye lotion, Mlle. Rubinstein says, is necessary to restore the youthful sparkle to tired eyes.

Herbal compresses can do wonders for those puffy lids, though if they are a network of fine wrinkles, a nourishing cream is needed. The backs of the hands and the throat are other places that need rich, oily

(Continued on page 64)

Getting the LOWDOWN on These New Heroes

Are Clark Gable's knees knocking together? Is there a shake in Bing Crosby's voice? Are these newcomers worrying them? Look over the up-and-coming boys, read their answers to MOVIE CLASSIC'S "personality quiz"—and see which answer the maidens' prayers!

This article is a companion piece to the article, "These Li'l Girls Know the Answers!" which appeared in the March MOVIE CLASSIC. That revealed the answers of seven young and promising feminine newcomers to a series of questions about their Hollywood hopes and their designs for living. This does the same thing for eleven promising young men about Hollywood. *Editor.*

and what they think about.

Charles Sabin, twenty-five, born in New York City, and single, was the first victim. He answered the questions between shots of "By Persons Unknown," in which you will soon

EVERY now and then Hollywood is deluged with something—gangster cycles, foreign stars, trained animals, Garbo echoes, divorce epidemics. Right now it is deluged with an extraordinary number of young men who are making their screen débuts—personable young men who have been recruited from the stage and the radio and who are being groomed for stardom.

There are, at Paramount, Joe Morrison and Kent Taylor; at Columbia, Charles Sabin; at RKO, John Beal; at Universal, Guy Brooks, Frank Lawton, and Roger Pryor; at M-G-M, William Henry and Henry Wadsworth; at Warners, Philip Reed and Donald Woods. MOVIE CLASSIC has subjected these



JOHN BEAL



ROGER PRYOR

see him with Shirley Grey and Ralph Bellamy. He was a trifle bewildered, as he had been told to make his performance a combination of William Powell, Richard Barthelmess and Robert Montgomery!

He *would* marry an actress if he fell in love with one, but it wouldn't work, he added pessimistically, for the same old reasons that have enlivened all the recent magazine stories on the subject. He isn't sorry he didn't continue in

college because he never went to any; he would go back on the stage or write if his movie career came to an end (he has a play in production in New York now); he wants character leads with romantic interest because straight romantic types don't last; it depends on the woman whether or not he is susceptible; he reads sports, the columnists and the funnies in the newspapers (so do they all); he "tries unsuccessfully" to save most of his salary, and is very superstitious about everything. He asks others before he makes a decision, but always follows his own hunch; his ultimate goal is everything connected with the show business, and he likes, better than anything else in the world, honesty.

Sabin has had years of experience all over the world.



FRANK LAWTON



HENRY WADSWORTH

bright young men to a questionnaire scrutiny, and their canny answers to the thirteen questions (see the slate) are pretty good indications of how they live



GUY BROOKS

By
WINIFRED
AYDELOTTE

1. How old . . . where born . . . married or single?
2. Would you marry an actress?
3. Are you sorry you didn't continue in college?
4. What preparation for acting have you had?
5. What would you do if your movie career came to an end?
6. Do you prefer character or romantic leads?
7. Are you susceptible to the women you play with?
8. What do you read in the newspapers besides the movie columns?
9. What do you do with the money you earn?
10. Do you ask others before making a decision?
11. Are you superstitious?
12. What is your ultimate goal?
13. What do you like better than anything else in the world?

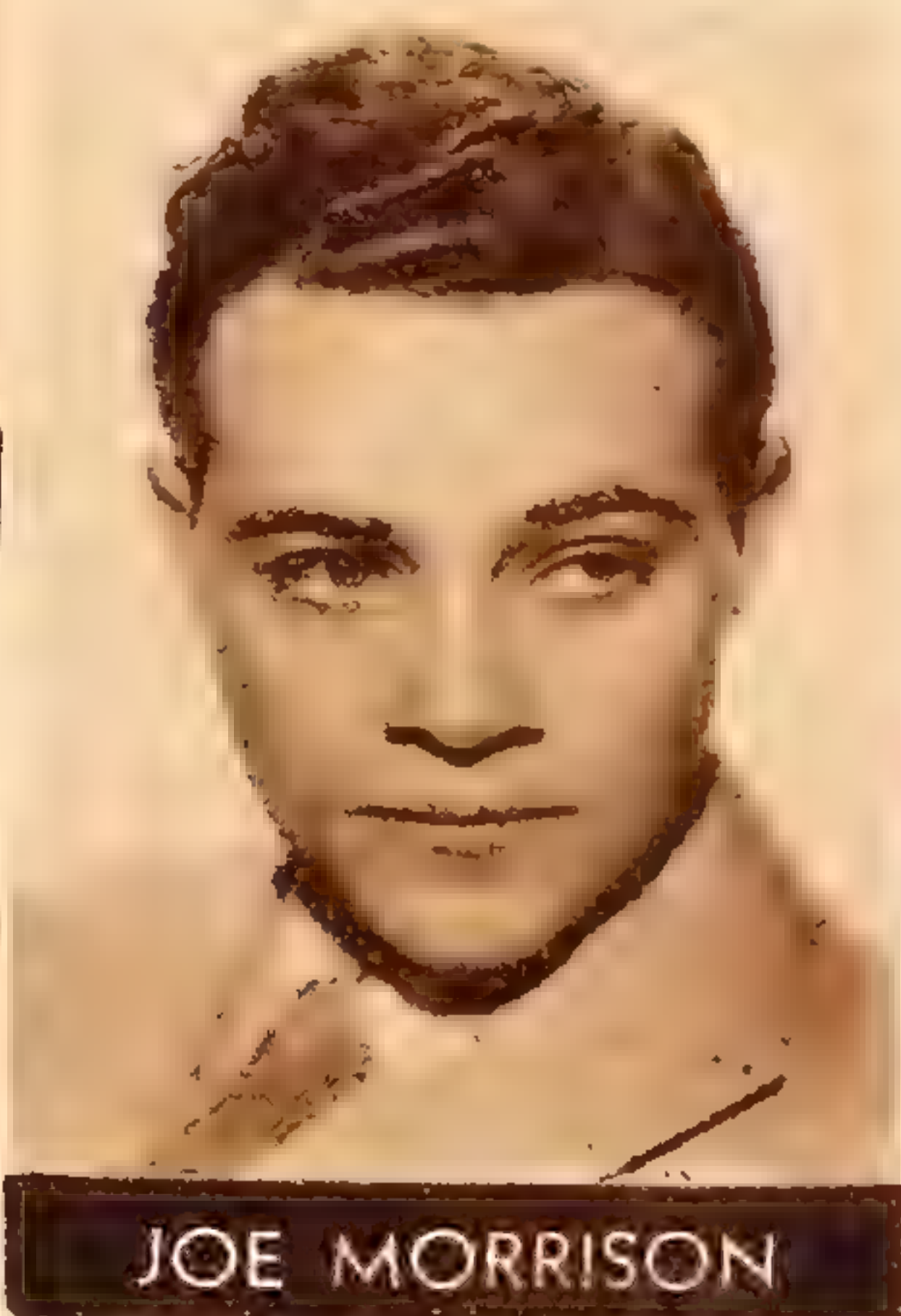


WILLIAM HENRY

He danced in Paris, was in vaudeville in London, and played dramas and musical comedy in New York. He suggests utter grace.

Joe Studied for Priesthood

JOE MORRISON, at Paramount, is the boy who introduced "The Last Round-Up." It was his high, tenor voice over the radio that made this song one of the most popular of the year. He smiled nervously at every question. He is twenty-four, was born in Grand Rapids, Michigan, and is single. "If love were there, it would not make much difference if my wife were an actress or not," he said. He studied for the priesthood, but was advised that he could do more good in the world if he used his voice and so films



JOE MORRISON



DONALD WOODS



KENT TAYLOR

W. C. Fields. Joe has determination and should succeed.

Kent Can Take Heart-Break

KENT TAYLOR, twenty-seven, born in Waterloo, Iowa, added a little excitement by being married and treating me to a glass of sherry. Taylor is a very strong person, pleasantly positive and and vital. "When I first saw a motion picture, years ago, I said to myself, 'That's what I'm going to do when I grow up.' But it was darned hard work—I went right up through the 'extra' ranks, and I suffered every heart-break imaginable to get even where I am to-day," he said. But he smiled when he said it. He is too intelligent to be bitter.

He would like to have finished college "to have it in the background"; he would go on the stage if his movie career came to an end; he likes to get (Continued on page 66)

ANN SOTHERN HAS SOME "TEA FOR TWO"

At least, it looks like iced tea. And Ann kinda looks as if she'd like to share it with someone—carrying a spare straw 'n' all. But don't crowd, boys. That extra straw is already spoken for by Roger Pryor. (The sexton is getting ready to pull the rope on the wedding bells.) Something else Ann is happy about is her rôle opposite Eddie Cantor in "Kid Millions"





LOUISE HENRY—HARLOW RIVAL?

Or is Marion Davies the one to worry? Anyway, this girl is news—news of tomorrow. Her real name is Heiman. (Her Dad is a noted surgeon.) She got her stage name from her mother, once a variety favorite. Louise has diplomas from three movie schools—stock companies, vaudeville and night-clubs—and starts in "Hideout" and "Paris Interlude"





Alberto Valentino (left), seen with his son and his famous brother, Rudolph, found the private film

SCOOP! Long - Missing VALENTINO Film Found!

RUDOLPH VALENTINO lives again on the screen! A film record of his most intimate private life has recently been discovered by his brother, Alberto Valentino, and it is possible that the memoirs of the movies' greatest lover may be released to the public within the next few months.

No more startling news has come from Hollywood this year and it is with pardonable pride that MOVIE CLASSIC presents this exclusive scoop story upon the occasion of the commemoration on August 23 of the eighth anniversary of Rudolph Valentino's death. How can his memory be honored more fittingly than by the announcement that you may see him on the screen again?

There has never been a film autobiography of a motion picture personality before. Can it be that Rudy sensed his destiny as an immortal? Could he have felt that his admirers would remain faithful all these years? Did he recognize the demands of his public to see him after death and therefore provided an undying memorial? These are questions to which you and I will never know the answers. We can only guess.



Above, as the camera caught Rudolph Valentino in a fast boxing workout, with Jack Dempsey as referee. Right, Rudy with Pola Negri, Mae Murray and Prince David M'Divani at the M'Divani-Murray wedding. (Acme Photo.)

Amateur photography was one of Rudy's hobbies. As a large number of stars to-day are devotees of the amateur, or 16mm, camera, so did he experiment with standard-size moving pictures. In a particularly gay mood, it was his pleasure to send for a studio cameraman to film little impromptu plays that he enacted for his own and guests' amusement. This private film was later screened at other parties. In rummaging through some of Rudy's



MOVIE CLASSIC, on the eighth anniversary of Rudolph Valentino's death, is proud to tell of the discovery of his own screen autobiography—the greatest picture he ever made. It should be released to the public who have kept him alive in their hearts

effects, his brother uncovered reels and reels of it.

Why Film Wasn't Found Sooner

THE reason this film was not discovered sooner was that the cans containing it were thought to be merely discarded screen tests. It must be remembered that Alberto saw very little of Rudolph in the latter span of his life. The brothers were separated by half the world—one being in Hollywood, the other in Italy.

From time to time, there has been talk of the long-lost private Valentino film. Pola Negri once told me of it, regretting its loss. Now it has been found.

I have seen several reels in a projection room. Even in uncut, unchronological form, the film is tremendously impressive. Imagine, if you can, a smiling, laughing Rudolph Valentino, a care-free, vital fellow, a boy at play, a tender lover. It is a far more revealing portrait of the actual person than was ever

Right, Natacha Rambova, his second wife. The film is full of his tender love for her

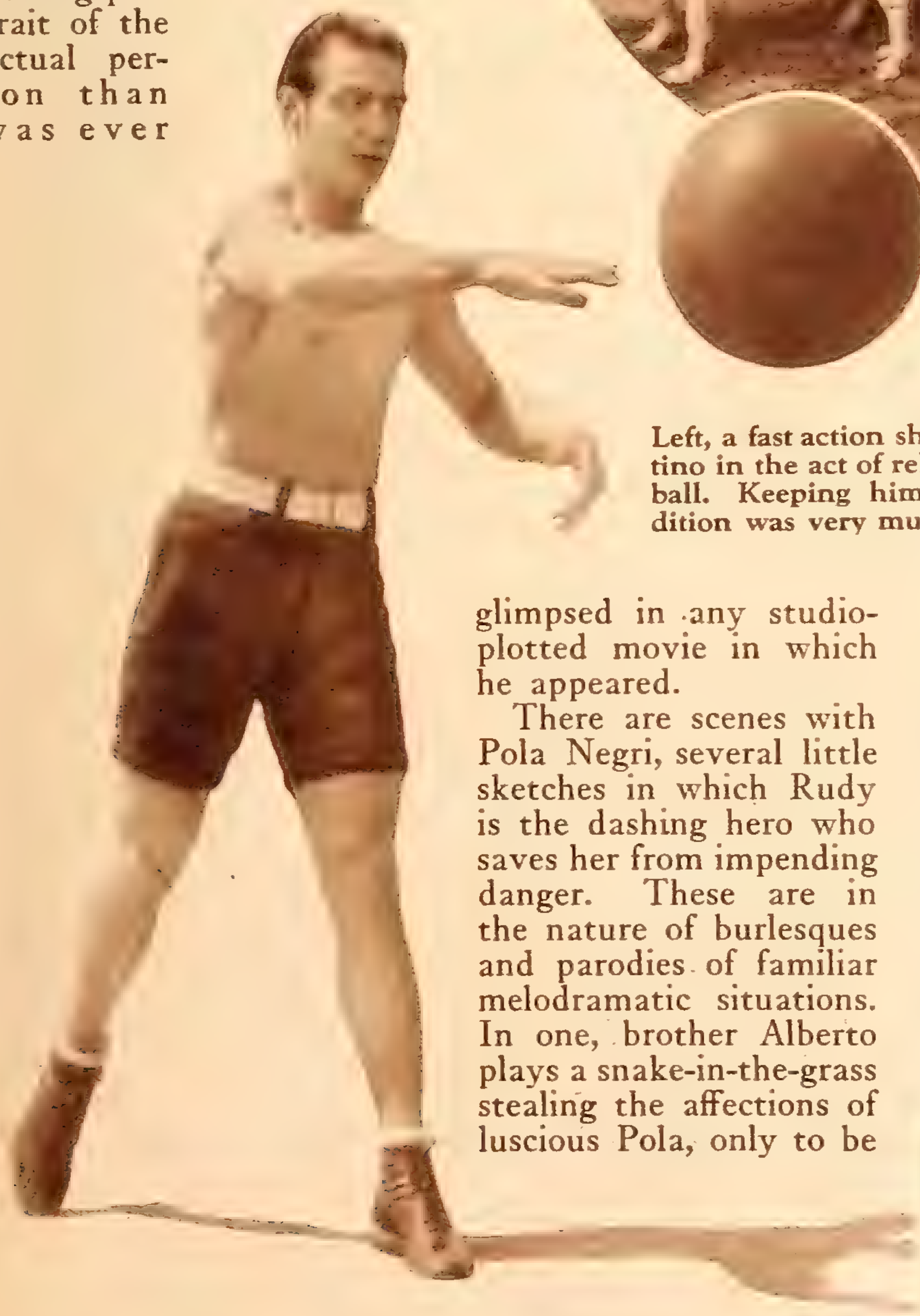


Chidnoff



Above, a "home" shot—showing Rudolph Valentino with his two hunting dogs on the lawn of Falcon Lair

Left, a fast action shot showing Valentino in the act of releasing a medicine-ball. Keeping himself in prime condition was very much a part of his life



glimpsed in any studio-plotted movie in which he appeared.

There are scenes with Pola Negri, several little sketches in which Rudy is the dashing hero who saves her from impending danger. These are in the nature of burlesques and parodies of familiar melodramatic situations. In one, brother Alberto plays a snake-in-the-grass stealing the affections of luscious Pola, only to be

discovered in a compromising situation by his wife and Rudy. His wife takes Alberto away by the ear and Rudy proceeds to spank Pola.

There are many informal pictures posed in the swimming pool. Once, Pola is seated astride a rubber sea horse waving at the camera, when Rudy suddenly dives to upset her for a ducking. Several other times there are evidences of his fondness of practical joking.

Home Life Pictured

WITH Natacha Rambova, he is more sedate, the nearest approach to a playful mood being a romp with the dogs on the lawn of his Whitley Heights home. Jean Acker, his first wife, appears only once or twice and never with Rudy. It seems that she was an unwilling subject for amateur photography, for the few times she figures in a scene, she was apparently caught unawares.

The identity of some of the other ladies who play with Rudy in this, his greatest film, may never be known, except to themselves. Others, of course, are well-remembered actresses of the day—Agnes Ayres, several times Rudy's leading lady; Nita Naldi and Alice Terry being easily recognizable. The wedding ceremony of Mae Murray and Prince David M'Divani consumes nearly a reel. The reception held at Valentino's home

is peopled with famous guests.

Contrasting with such intimate scenes is the large amount of scenic footage taken with Rudy as the cameraman. His devotion to beauty and appreciation of it could have no more convincing proof than the pictures he made of his beloved Italy. He achieved startling and breath-takingly lovely views of imposing cathedrals and quaint little churches. He realized fully the art of the motion picture camera and made use of it with the masterful hand of a true artist.

The camera was an important part of his luggage when he made his last trip to his native land. He must have spent days in traveling about, photographing things that caught his fancy, preserving bits of beauty in celluloid that he might again enjoy them upon his return to America — and work. There are several dozen (Continued on page 80)

FASTEST FLASHES
from Hollywood in
MOVIE CLASSIC

They Write the Songs the Movies Bring You

No wonder Hollywood is turning out the tunes of the times
—the movies have cornered the market on songwriters!

(P. S. They're a colorful crowd)

By DORON K. ANTRIM

TIN PAN ALLEY is no longer another name for Broadway, which also used to be called Melody Lane, because of the song hits that were born there. The song scribes who made that sector world-famous simply do not live there any more. You'll find them—thanks to those thousand-

On piano:
Mack Gordon.
At piano:
Harry Revel



Gus Kahn—champ lyricist



Ann Ronell—"Who's Afraid—?"

dollar weekly pay-checks—ensconced right alongside the movie stars in arty houses on the hills of Hollywood or out at the beaches.

Yes, sir, with ritzy offices, like executives although seldom used—the song-writers are very important people nowadays out on the studio lots. Don't they write the nation's songs, which the movies bring to you? That tune you're humming now—maybe it's "Jungle Fever" or "May I?" or "Cocktails for Two"—got its start in the flickers. It's a moot question whether songs make the pictures or pictures make the songs. Any way you look at it, the movie moguls have pretty nearly corralled the available supply of high-class song-writing talent and tied it up with juicy contracts.

Recall the dear, dead days of the mute, but not inglorious movie when theme songs were used? That was more or less the beginning. Then, when the film found its voice, song-writers and song-pluggers stampeded to the Coast and we had an epidemic of musicals and straight pictures in which everyone, from the star on down to the stable boy, sang. When there was nothing else to fill a gap in a film, a song was stuck in.

That's all different now. The boys have cut their eye-teeth. They know when and how to write for pictures. Occasionally, a number like

"An Old Spinning Wheel" or "The Last Round-Up" will make the grade outside of pictures, but they are getting fewer and fewer. Hollywood is now turning out the hit tunes.

They're a colorful lot—The songsmiths. They usually work in pairs—when they do work—one writing the words, the other the music. Take Harry Warren and Al Dubin, who are just about at the top of the heap. In ten months they did the music, wholly or partially, for "Footlight Parade," "Roman Scandals," "Moulin Rouge," "Wonder Bar," "20 Million Sweethearts" and "Dames," with one or more hit songs in each. It's a record, and the boys had to miss a little sleep to make it. You may also recall "42nd Street" and "Gold Diggers of 1933"—they're doing one for 1935—which were also the work of these two pace-setters. One of the reasons for their success is that

onion, and one ham and egg. At this point he was dragged out and asked what they were paying him for.

The inscription on the door of their department, where they are supposed to work, reads "Warren and Dubin"—that is, if Warren comes in first. If Dubin is the early bird, it reads "Dubin and Warren." Their favorite fracas begins something like this:

"Any nit-wit can write words, but it takes a genius to write a melody."

"So sez you. I can put more meaning into one simple word than you can in a whole hour of music."

"Well, say it." "Scram."

Asked You to Love Thy Neighbor

IF you drop into Moe Morton's place any time from 2 P.M. till dawn, you are likely to find Mack Gordon, of the team of Gordon and Revel, doing an imitation of Bing Crosby singing, "I'm Hummin', I'm Whistlin', I'm Singin'" from "She Loves Me Not." The best thing that Mack does is to clown and he's at it all the time, even when he writes songs. These tunesters have fashioned the numbers for "Sitting Pretty," "Broadway Thru a Keyhole" and, more recently, "We're Not Dressing," "Shoot the Works," "The Old-Fashioned Way," "Here Comes the Groom," "She Loves Me Not" and "Here Is My Heart," Bing Crosby's next. You can thank them for such tunes as "Did You Ever See a Dream Walking?" "May I?" "Love Thy Neighbor" and "With My Eyes Wide Open, I'm Dreaming."

Neither of the boys gave song-writing much thought until they met in a publisher's office in 1930. Revel had just returned from touring Europe as a concert pianist, and was looking for a break. After the publisher had introduced them, Harry sat down at the piano and began fussing with a few tunes running through his head. Mack *ad-libbed* some words. Two

(Continued on page 70)



Nacio Herb Brown, music; Arthur Freed, words

they are old hands at the picture game.

Harry Warren took his first job at the old Vitagraph Studios in Brooklyn, New York. When

two-reelers were in the making, you would find Harry caressing a battered old piano and helping the unrequited lovers to emote with such tunes as "Hearts and Flowers," "The Curse of an Aching Heart," and others. Those were the days of Clara Kimball Young, Maurice Costello (father of Dolores and Helene), Anita Stewart, the late John Bunny, the late Sidney Drew and Flora Finch. Any of those former stars would throw a few fancy fits if Harry was not at the piano to back them up when the going got glubbery. Harry never thought to write down some of the tunes he knocked out on that wheezy piano until a friend practically made him. He has been doing it ever since.

For years, Al Dubin, the other half of the combine—and he's more than half, if you consider poundage—has coined catchy phrases that have become the vernacular of American speech, such as: "Tiptoe Through the Tulips," "Painting the Clouds with Sunshine," "Dancing with Tears in My Eyes," "Shuffle Off to Buffalo," "You're Getting to Be a Habit with Me," "We're in the Money," "I'll String Along with You" and "Wh-Do I Dream those Dreams?"

They call Al "the mouse" out on the Warner lot because they can never find him when they want him. After scouring the place for him one afternoon, they located him in a lunch wagon where he had just taken on two hamburgers, one bottle of pop, one hamburger with egg, another bottle of pop, one hamburger with



Al Dubin coins phrases; Harry Warner, tunes; both coin money



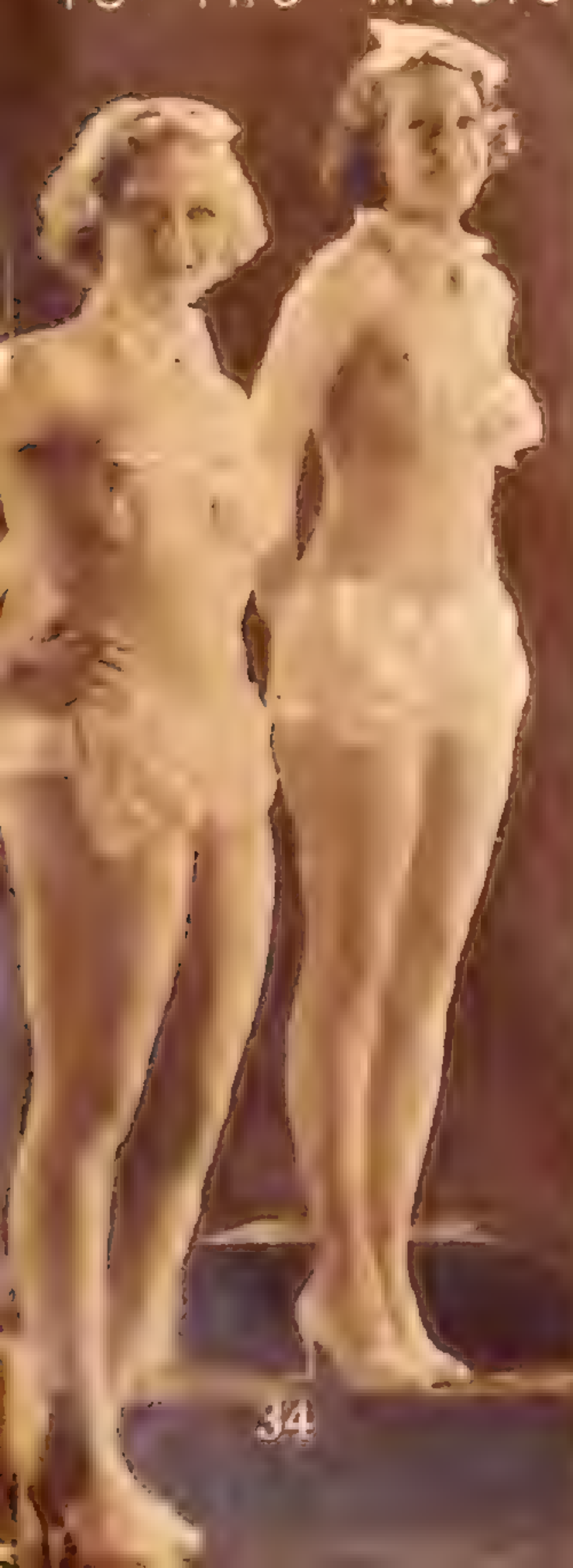
Lew Brown—handy man

"DAMES"

— Glorifying the American Chorus Girl



Above, one chorine plays "soldier," while another one plays "pirate" — to the music



If chorus girls turned farmerettes, like Ruth Eddings (above), men would go "back to the land"

If a chorus girl were turned out into a cold, cold world, she'd still keep smiling. At least, that's the impression that you will get in "Dames" (left)



They may be beauties to you, but they're "Dames" to show business—and the newest big musical film tells their story. Which gives Dick Powell and Ruby Keeler a new chance to be backstage lovers, singing "I Only Have Eyes for You"—while Joan Blondell is Ruby's show-girl rival (top). Three of the girls who stand out conspicuously in different numbers are Donna La Barr, Gloria Faythe and Blanche MacDonald (right)

WHY SMALL-TOWN GIRLS HAVE MORE GLAMOUR

These glamorous gals of the screen—did you ever realize that most of them were born in the 'well-known "sticks"? Where do they get their poise? What is it that they have, and city charmers don't have? Here are the answers!

HAVE small-town girls more glamour than city girls? The experts of Hollywood, who should know about such things, are demanding recruits from small communities, preferably in rural districts. In the past, most screen beginners hailed from New York or Paris or some other world metropolis, but now they're coming from such towns as Talledega, Alabama, Deer Lodge, Montana, and Valley City, North Dakota—the birthplaces of Gertrude Michael, Jean Parker, and Ann Sothorn. Apartment-raised girls are out, in Hollywood, and whole-some types who

have been brought up on farms are in!

One of the first questions asked about a neophyte these days is not "Will she photograph," but "What is the population of her home-town," for under the new régime, special favoritism is shown to newcomers from villages whose inhabitants number three thousand, or less. A sign of the times is this quotation from *Variety*, a Hollywood trade paper.

"Columbia yesterday dispatched Carter Ludlow on a forty-eight-state plane jaunt to pluck four dozen beauties for a chorus number in

Bill Rowland's 'Girl Friend.' *Plucker is ordered to pass up city gals and harness only pure-bred cornfeds from Doc Tugwell's agricultural domain.*" (The italics are ours.)

The reason for this wholesale exclusion of big-city girls, according to Mr. Ludlow, is: "Country girls are fresher. They don't live under the strain of city life, and their faces show this. In theory, their emotions are more apt to be untouched; at any rate, their emotions are less complicated. And according to the standards of the present, small-town girls have better figures. They may not be exactly buxom, but they do

have the curves and healthy appearance demanded by the present vogue in beauty." And these new fashions in figures require a background of country living and health.

Such sweeping generalizations may sound a trifle far-fetched, but the backers of bucolic talent have more than theory on their side. Most of the actresses in Hollywood who specialize in glamorous rôles, strangely enough, hail from small towns or small cities. Just to name a few: Carole Lombard (Fort Wayne, Indiana), Verree Teasdale (Spokane, Washington), Miriam Hopkins



(Bainbridge, Georgia), Myrna Loy (Helena, Montana), Ginger Rogers (Independence, Missouri), Kay Francis (Oklahoma City, Oklahoma), Joan Crawford (San Antonio, Texas), Bette Davis (Lowell, Massachusetts), Pat Paterson (Bradford, England), Lupe Velez (San Luis Potosi, Mexico), Karen Morley (Ottumwa, Iowa), Mary Astor (Quincy, Illinois), Helen Vinson (Beaumont, Texas), Irene Dunne (Louisville, Kentucky), Rosemary Ames (Evanston, Illinois), and Dolores Del Rio (Durango, Mexico) are all lassies from "the provinces" who are

lends attraction. On her foreign tours, Europeans frequently tell Grace that she "isn't at all like an American." They mean it as a compliment, which she attributes to her early years in Jellico, Tennessee—with a total population of a few more than one thousand souls!

"I believe small-town people have a more human quality, a warmth and naturalness that those who have always lived in cities lack," says Miss Moore. "This probably comes from close contact with neighbors sharing their joys

winning honors in Hollywood.

Greta Garbo comes from a little town near Stockholm, Sweden; Katharine Hepburn, of Hartford, Connecticut, used to spend every summer at a small resort; Margaret Sullivan, the screen's newest sensation (who hails from Norfolk), went to school in a small town in Virginia, and imbibed that small-town atmosphere. *More than eighty per cent of screen players, male and female, were either born or brought up in small towns and small cities.*

You might not be surprised to know that Mary Brian is a native of Corsicana, Texas; that Joan Marsh was born in Porterville, California; that Helen Mack hails from Rock Island, Illinois; that Dorothy Granger is from New London, Ohio; or that Rochelle Hudson was born in Claremore, Oklahoma (Will Rogers' home-town). But what about Glenda Farrell (Enid, Oklahoma), Fay Wray (Wrayland, Canada), Margaret Lindsay (Dubuque, Iowa), Esther Ralston (Bar Harbor, Maine), Marian Nixon (Superior, Wisconsin), and one of Hollywood's most sophisticated women, Hedda Hopper, who came from Hollidaysburg, Pennsylvania. The late Lilyan Tashman, one of the ultra sophisticates of the screen, came from Brooklyn, New York.

This is certainly proof that small-town girls have SOMETHING. And Grace Moore, the world famous opera star, who has just made a tremendous hit in the picture, "One Night of Love," has further evidence that being brought up in a village

and sorrows. In large cities one never knows the people living next door and nothing is thought of it. So city people seldom have opportunities to cultivate sympathy and understanding that small-town people enjoy.

"If I ever have a child," she adds, "I'll insist on bringing her up in a little town. A child should be unhampered by too many reserves. Also, a child should know how to enjoy the out-of-doors. Such a life lends a charm to girls and women, especially. And, after all, charm is more to be desired than any other quality!" And to think that all these years city folk have been calling you charming people *hicks!*"

Ginger Rogers, who grew up in the not-so-large city of Fort Worth, Texas, feels pretty embarrassed in explaining why she and most of her contemporaries have that quality the screen demands, but she admits that she probably would never have reached her present position in Hollywood except for her background.

"I've seen hundreds of girls in big cities, just as attractive and as good dancers as I am, totally submerged by their surroundings. They are not such "good mixers" as the small-town girl is—are not used to meeting all sorts of people. They're just part of the crowd, and they have no particular incentive to try to make more of themselves. With small-town girls it's different. They take a part in the community life—enter into all village activities. I won a Charleston contest in Fort Worth, for

These have "home grown glamour." Above: Rochelle Hudson—Claremore, Okla.; Fay Wray—Wrayland, Canada; Jean Parker—Deer Lodge, Mont.; Miriam Hopkins—Bainbridge, Ga. Opposite: Glenda Farrell—Enid, Okla.; Mary Brian—Corsicana, Texas; Ginger Rogers—Independence, Mo.; and Toby Wing—Richmond, Va. The town should take a bow!

By
MARK
DOWLING



DOES BERNIE HEAR APPLAUSE? YOWZAH!

As the Old Maestro of radio, Ben is "the mosta of the besta"—what with his sly puns, his slang-coining, his smooth orchestrations, his bathroom baritone, and his kidding of himself "and all the lads." And as a movie actor (he grits his teeth), he hopes you'll like him. The returns aren't all in yet, but with 359 precincts reporting, he looks like a win-nah. Anyway, he'll be back in the Fall, to make "One-Night Stand" with Jack Oakie. He likes Jack the way he likes Walter Winchell

MOVIE
CLASSIC

TABLOID

NEWS
SECTION

THE NEWSREEL OF THE NEWSSTANDS

It's hot weather for "dressing up," but Stuart Erwin and his wife, June Collyer, and Arline Judge and her husband, Director Wesley Ruggles (right), are willing Martyrs—to attend a charity ball with other film celebrities. The ball, sponsored by Marion Davies, was for the benefit of the Children's Clinic



Acme

The curtain has rung down on the career of Alec B. Francis (left), beloved character actor—dead at sixty-five after an emergency operation. He was stricken while playing a rôle in Constance Bennett's new picture. A few days previously, he had foiled what looked like an attempted kidnapping



Maybe it doesn't seem possible that "The Kid" can be grown up—but here's evidence to prove it. Jackie Coogan, who is just a college boy home on vacation these days, is sipping sodas with Toby Wing. The columnists, rubbing their eyes, are starting romance rumors



Acme

Seven months ago, Richard Dix got a new secretary. Now, the new secretary—Virginia Webster—is his new bride. Here they are, on the S. S. *Santa Lucia* on their New York-to-Hollywood honeymoon trip

Laura La Plante has a new husband—Irving Asher, London film executive (left,) whom she recently wed in Paris, two months after her divorce from director William Seiter. They will live abroad



C. S. Bull

Even when the portrait above was made, Marie Dressler was seriously ill—but telling no one. Right, in the garden of her Beverly Hills home, bought with money she earned in her great “comeback”

IN a secluded mansion in peaceful Santa Barbara, Marie Dressler is waging, as this is written, the most desperate battle of her strife-torn career. Her adversary is illness; her principal weapon of defense is her own indomitable courage and her stubborn will to carry on. The issue is not decided yet—but it may be that Marie will never make “Living in a Big Way” or “Tish.”

The world first learned of the seriousness of her illness when her doctor reported that she had lapsed into a coma and that the end was “only a matter of hours.” Two days later, she regained consciousness, seemed a little stronger. She could smile weakly and converse in a half-whisper with the devoted friends—Allen Breed Walker, resort owner, and his wife—who have been caring for her; for brief intervals she could listen to some of the messages sent to cheer her, from rich and poor, from friends and strangers; she was able to ask that her nurses be paid each week in advance (always thinking of someone else); from her bed, she could look out across a pond of water lilies to the hazy horizon of the Pacific. Daily bulletins in the newspaper have reported “brief rallies,” and “an almost imperceptible slipping.”

Grand old trouper that she is, Marie Dressler taxed her strength too heavily and too long in order that “the show might go on.” She would not admit her suffering. Day after day, she fought off her growing weakness and forced herself to go to the studio, to do her job. If anyone told her that she looked tired, she answered with

humor and her Falstaffian laugh. Marie did not want anyone to guess that she was seriously ill, for her whole life revolved around her work and she could not tolerate the prospect of being “taken out of the

MARIE DRESSLER “FATALLY ILL,” FIGHTS TO LIVE

“Grand Old Lady of the Screen,” Who Hid Desperate Illness for Months, Lapses into Coma—Doctor Reports End Is “Only a Matter of Hours,” But She Rallies

By ERIC L. ERGENBRIGHT

game.” She said to me once, “The one prayer of an actress is to die with her grease-paint on.”

But between pictures—that was a year ago last Winter—she announced that she would take a vacation. “I need a little rest,” she said, “and I want to visit friends in the East.”

In reality, she went directly to a famous hospital and there submitted to a major operation. She knew, when she went under the knife, that her recovery was a desperate gamble—but still she kept her secret. The operation was successful, but specialists told her that at least three years must pass before they could guarantee her complete recovery. If in those three years, she suffered a relapse . . . they shook their heads gravely and urged the absolute necessity of rest and quiet. Rest for a troupier who had spent a lifetime in the hustle and pandemonium of show business? Ridiculous!

Marie rushed back to Hollywood before it was advisable for her to travel. No one there, except her devoted servants, Mamie and Jerry, knew of her operation, and she battered down their worry with a barrage of drolleries about her condition. Again she plunged into her work, again she tried to play her life-long rôle of fairy godmother to everyone who sought her help—and again she overtaxed her strength and fatigue took its toll.

During the production of “Her Sweetheart, Christopher Bean,” her agony became intolerable. She fought to conceal it—and that time she failed. On the set, time after time, she nearly fainted at the conclusion of a trying scene.

Foolhardy to jeopardize her life by such stubbornness? Perhaps — but, remember, Marie Dressler has been a fighter, first, last and always. Her life has centered in her work, for she lost, years ago, her last family tie. To quit and admit defeat, even to a severe illness, would have seemed to her like the beginning of the end. And she has not

admitted defeat. Even when she sank into unconsciousness, her strong heart, which first started beating on November 9, 1871, in the little Canadian town of Coburg, refused to give up.



Hurrell

JEAN HARLOW NOW FEARS "LOVE CURSE" AS PARALYSIS STRIKES HAL ROSSON

Platinum Blonde Oppressed by Fate That Seems to Shadow Her Marriages and Men Who Marry Her—Ill Cameraman, Her Third Husband, Is Now on Road to Complete Recovery

By DOROTHY DONNELL

A FRIEND, meeting Jean Harlow at the studio, noticed that she had been crying. Why? Jean's voice shook as she asked, "Have you heard about Hal? Isn't it awful?" Her estranged husband, cameraman Harold Rosson, had just been quarantined with infantile paralysis—first victim in the movie colony of the epidemic sweeping through Los Angeles. Report had it that he was very low.

Jean's voice sank to the depths of tragedy. "Do you know," she said bitterly, "I sometimes wonder if I haven't a curse on me that touches all the men who fall in love with me!"

A month before Jean had said to a writer who was interviewing her on the subject of her separation from Rosson, her third husband, "Maybe I am one of those people just not meant for marriage."

The whole world knows of the tragedy that ended her second marriage, when Paul Bern's body was discovered on their honeymoon a few weeks after their wedding, with a note that indicated that he had committed suicide. The note ended, simply, "I love you."

It was the popular producer's very love for his beautiful, platinum-haired young wife that decided him to take his own life, according to the incoherent words he penned before his death, "and so undo the wrong I did you." Blameless as Jean Harlow was of the unhappiness that drove him to his death, it seems likely that if Paul Bern had never met her, he might still be living to-day. This feeling, rumor says, is at the bottom of the strained relationship between Jean and Joan Crawford, who fairly worshiped Bern, because of his advice in guiding her career.

Jean Harlow's first husband, wealthy Charles McGrew, II, whom she married at sixteen and divorced in 1931, has had his troubles, too,

although tragedy has not touched him. His second marriage came to an end several months ago.

And now Hal Rosson, to whom she had been married only eight months when they parted, was suffering from one of the most mysterious and most dreaded of diseases. He has since passed the crisis, and doctors predict that he will not suffer any permanent after-effects of the disease, which struck him in the shoulders and arms. Jean constantly kept in



Charles McGrew, II



Jean Harlow's marriage to Charles McGrew II, ended unhappily. Her marriage to Paul Bern (above) ended in tragedy. Jean and Hal Rosson (left) separated—and his illness soon followed

touch with his doctors—and there were premature rumors of a reconciliation, based on her very apparent worry. When this befell Hal Rosson, is it any wonder that Jean—who has found only unhappiness in love and has seen unhappiness overtake the three men she has married—wondered bitterly if some malign fate hangs over her and the men who love her?

Gratitude is the strongest trait in this girl. What first drew her to listen to the love that Paul Bern, himself, believed hopeless was gratitude because of his part in her success. It was gratitude again that formed the first bond between her and the little camera genius who had made her not merely a pretty girl, but a great beauty on the screen—and had, moreover, been her most understanding friend after the Bern tragedy.

Apparently, however, her fears that she may be an unwilling *femme fatale* are not shared by her admirers. William Powell has recently been Jean's frequent dinner escort. Max Baer, new heavyweight champion, is quoted as saying that Jean Harlow was one of his principal interests in life. And Michael Farmer is quoted as saying to reporters in Paris that if Gloria Swanson divorced him, he would like to marry Jean Harlow.

LILIAN HARVEY POSTPONES WEDDING; NOT MARRYING WILLY FRITSCH ABROAD

After Parting with Studio, Foreign Star Fails to Return to Germany (and Willy), As Planned—She is Staying on in Hollywood, and Wants Him to Try American Films



UFA

Willy Fritsch

Ray Jones

By JACK SMALLEY

LILIAN HARVEY has talked by transatlantic telephone with her fiancé, Willy Fritsch, and hopes to persuade him to come to Hollywood next January, when his contract with UFA expires, to co-star with her in an American picture. Contrary to published reports, she is not saying farewell to Hollywood until she has made at least one more picture. These

A few months ago, Lilian Harvey was telling of plans to marry Willy Fritsch as soon as she could get to Berlin. Now free to go, she's staying — and has other plans!

would indicate that Miss Harvey now has the field to herself. Yet the wedding date has not been set.

Announcement that Miss Harvey was not quitting Hollywood, after all, came as a surprise. She told me: "I cannot leave without making at least one picture that will show my American friends that I'm not really a flop. When I asked Fox to release me, I was very downcast and blue. I knew I was giving up a great deal of money in making this decision, but so

developments, given exclusively to MOVIE CLASSIC, came when it was generally conceded that Miss Harvey terminated her contract with Fox with the intention of returning to Germany to marry Herr Fritsch, her former co-star in German pictures.

Only recently, Lilian gave an interview in which she said, "Hollywood has broken my heart," and made no secret of the fact that she has been unhappy in the film capital, not only because of her pictures, but because of her loneliness. On her finger was a wedding ring. "Willy gave it to me," she admitted. "No, we're not married, but we will be when I can get away for a visit to Berlin."

Meanwhile, this reporter has discovered a possible explanation for the silent feud between Lilian and Marlene Dietrich, who have many mutual friends in the German colony in Hollywood, but have studiously avoided each other. The German protégée of Josef von Sternberg corresponds with Fritsch; they exchange letters and photographs by registered mail. Before her marriage to Rudolf Sieber, it is said, Marlene and Willy were engaged—and the memory of the romance may still linger on. However, Marlene seems to be on the best of terms with her husband, who has recently been visiting her—which

many disappointments made all that count for little. I wanted to see my home in the South of France, and go to Willy. Then such a change came—cables, wires, delegations from producers, from abroad as well as Hollywood. My spirits lifted. But when I lost the blues, I knew I had to stay here. Then a new story was offered me, and for a week we've been working like Trojans on it. Suddenly, I was alive again.

"Then I called up Willy. I want him to come here so much! But if you knew him—he is so easy-going by nature that it's hard to budge him. He argues that his English would not be good enough for American pictures—but who cares about an accent? And he has a smile that would surely win him friends here. Why, even Chevalier says Willy's smile is the better, and doesn't everyone love that grin of Maurice's? If I could quarrel with Willy, maybe I could get him angry enough to take the next boat, but he just laughs and you can't fight with him. I don't think he has ever quarreled with anyone. He is something like Robert Montgomery; impish—but maybe more grown up."

Asked (again) if she weren't really married to Fritsch (there are rumors of a marriage a few years ago in Switzerland), Miss Harvey made a *moué* and said: "Why should I deny it if it were? There would be records, you know! No, we thought of marriage before I came to Hollywood, but we decided to wait. Who knows what changes might come from working apart? It wouldn't be fair to either of us. But I know Willy hasn't changed. I've known him for five years, and he's always sweet and unruffled and smiling."

The real truth about her decision against making "Serenade" is far different from the story that she didn't like the script. She helped to write it! And her heart was broken when she couldn't make the picture. The difficulty arose when she and director Paul Martin couldn't agree with the studio on the budget for the picture. By mutual consent, her contract and the contract of her director were torn up. Her new contract will give her a choice of pictures—and the first one she wants to make will reveal her in the simple, universal favorite rôle of a little Cinderella, which in essence is the rôle that Lilian has played in real life.

"A simple plot, well done—that is what people enjoy, is it not?" she asked. "I haven't heard one adverse comment on 'Congress Dances,' the picture that led to my coming to America. In that I was a little nobody, swept into an exciting romance. That is all—yet it was fun to do, and people liked it."

Stepping to the wide windows of her home, which is perched high on a hillside, overlooking Hollywood, she tossed back her gold locks and exclaimed: "How can one leave so lovely a place?"

"RIDICULOUS!" JANET GAYNOR CALLS REPORT THAT SHE HAS A HIDDEN CHILD

Tempest in Teapot Created by Rumor That Janet Has a Three-Year-Old Child by Her Ex-Husband, Lydell Peck—But When Could Blessed Event Have Taken Place?

By ANN SLATER

HOLLYWOOD has seldom been more surprised than it was when it read in newspapers the rumor that Janet Gaynor had a three-year-old child by her ex-husband, Lydell Peck. Janet promptly denied the innuendo.

"Secret" children of stars have been sprung on Hollywood before, but they have always been children of pre-Hollywood days, like George Raft's son. Could it be possible that a famous star, who had lived for ten years right under the eagle eye of this most gossipy of all towns, had had a baby and kept the fact a secret for more than three years? On the face of it, the assertion seems what Janet termed it, "Absurd!—Ridiculous!"

Hollywood brides are always carefully watched possibilities for Blessed Event rumors, and in late 1930 or early 1931—when the baby must have been born, if the sensational statement of the chatterer were true—Janet was still a bride, her marriage to Lydell Peck having taken place in September, 1929. And there were no Blessed Event rumors about her.

And yet—and yet! The town talkers remind each other that none of the great stars of the films, not even Greta Garbo, lives a more private life than this same small, shy Janet. Then, too, Hollywood remembers her frequent trips to Honolulu, on one of which she bought herself a home; her walk-out from her studio, which kept her away from the screen for five months; and her trip to Europe. And there was the intriguing fact that the rumor got its start in San Francisco, home of the socially prominent Peck family, including Janet's ex-husband, Lydell Peck.

And Hollywood now recalls a newspaper item of December 18, 1930, which said, "Janet Gaynor will be operated on for appendicitis in Honolulu this morning. She was removed last night to the Queen's Hospital. Lydell Peck, husband of Miss Gaynor, was informed by cable of his wife's illness and left hurriedly for San Francisco, where he has booked passage aboard the *President Pierce*." Could the "appendicitis" have been a Blessed Event in disguise?

Intriguing as the idea of a hidden child sounds, it gives the supposition a severe setback to read the dates of Janet's voyages. Her first trip to Honolulu was a honeymoon journey, from February 26, 1930, to April 11, 1930. On December 2, 1930, she and her mother journeyed to Honolulu—where the appendicitis operation was performed two weeks after she arrived. She left Hawaii on January 23, 1931. On November 21, 1931, Janet and her mother went to Europe, returning two and a half months later, on February 2, 1932. Janet's last Honolulu trip was from

December 30, 1932, to February 16, 1933.

Of course, there was Janet's historic walk-out when the part in "The Princess and the Plumber" didn't suit her. She was absent from the screen for five months that time. But during this absence writers were seeing her constantly, and if Janet had been "expectant," the world would have heard about it.

When the story of a concealed child was printed, Janet consulted her lawyer. His advice is said to have been that, if she did sue, it would be difficult to prove that she had suffered damages from the story. And yet the studio believed that it would damage Janet Gaynor with her millions of fans to be connected with a "maternal" story.

Last year, in the course of an interview,

a public that wants its Gaynor girlish, and dewy, and untouched by life. Yet could any star scoop Hollywood so gorgeously?

The fact that the rumors can't seem to decide whether the allegedly hidden child is a boy or a girl is a point in favor of Janet's denial that such a child exists. If anyone had seen such a child, reputedly three years old, the youngster's appearance and attire should be adequate sex-determinants. One of Janet's friends, commenting on the suddenness with which Janet "acquired" a three-year-old child,

thanks to the gossips, says, "At this rate, they will have Janet a grandmother next!"

Last month, the rumor that Janet was denying had her engaged to marry a New York dentist.



Lydell Peck — was report news to him?

children were mentioned casually.

"Oh," said Janet, "I'd love to have a baby sometime! I adore children."

A publicity man was present. As the interviewer left, he asked agitatedly, "You aren't going to mention in your story that Janet wants a baby, are you?" Hardly had the interviewer reached home when the telephone rang. "You aren't going to call your story 'Janet Gaynor Wants a Baby,' are you?" demanded the publicity man. "You see, she isn't the type for that sort of thing!"

Evidently, her studio would have collaborated with any plan to hide the existence of a baby from



As Mrs. Lydell Peck, from September, 1929, to April, 1933, Janet Gaynor was never even rumored to be "blessed - eventing." And in such a gossipy town, how could she have kept it secret?

AS THEY ARE— OFF THE SCREEN



"Hi ya, honey!" cheerios Jimmy Dunn (left), spotting a female acquaintance on a stroll across the lot. Jimmy's like this with all the gals—that's why he has so many "romance" rumors. Over at the far left, you see Esther Ralston walking out to keep a luncheon date; someone left a memo in her studio mailbox. And, below, Cary Grant and Rosita Moreno, Spanish actress, relax outside the studio commissary after lunch. Then—back to their work



"I'll be seeing you," Jeanette MacDonald tosses over her shoulder to a friend—and the camera and the friend both get one of those delightful MacDonald smiles. She doesn't hoard them for the screen!





Jean Harlow, hanging onto some studio apparatus (and unconsciously keeping the man behind it from working) is getting acquainted with Gladys George, stage star, who has just been signed by the studio



Meet Mady Christians (above). This well-known foreign actress came to America to star on the New York stage—but Hollywood didn't lose any time in signing her up. She's making friends with that smile



See that look in Virginia Bruce's face (above)? It's exhibit A in the debate: Is Virginia Glad To Be Walking Back on a Movie Set, Or Isn't She? She walked out two years ago when she married John Gilbert; now they're divorced. On the screen, the only time you see Lewis Stone in a full-dress suit is at night—but movies are made in the daytime. Here he is strolling to work, finishing a cigarette



THESE MOVIES



Bette Davis sneers at Leslie Howard's love in "Of Human Bondage"—but that doesn't release him from bondage to her

OF HUMAN BONDAGE—RKO

Picture Like Novel—Great

"OF Human Bondage," by W. Somerset Maugham, is one of the great novels of our time—and the picture, starring Leslie Howard, is faithful to the original in story, in mood and in intentions. I can think of no higher praise. Maugham set out to show the workings of the mind of a super-sensitive boy, born club-footed, who is in bondage to his limitations and to a love that is inexplicable; the picture—an experiment in psychology—sets out to do the same thing, and succeeds.

Philip first tries to be an artist in Paris, has to compromise with his dreams because of mediocre talent, and then takes up the study of medicine in London; soon afterward, he meets *Mildred*, an anemically pretty, but cold, common, grasping little waitress, and falls hopelessly, helplessly in love with her—with nothing able to kill his love. She doesn't love him; she runs

off, at different times, with two coarse playboys; in one frenzied emotional outburst, she wrecks his beloved paintings; but still he cannot turn her away when she comes snivelling back, nor can he forget her or hate her or let another girl replace her in his heart—until fate frees him.

The picture has few exciting moments, few light moments, yet its realism and its suppressed emotions are spell-binding. From the first moment that you see *Philip* limping, Leslie Howard has your sympathy and never relinquishes it, with his face a mobile mirror of thoughts that he does not always need to tell. Bette Davis did a courageous thing in accepting the unsympathetic role of *Mildred*—and in it she gives a poisonously perfect performance; it is the best piece of acting she has ever done. Alan Hale and Reginald Denny, as specialists in cheap conquest, are only too real. Kay Johnson and Frances Dee, as two sincere women who love *Philip*, are warmly sympathetic. And Reginald Owen, as the hearty Bohemian who is



Shirley Temple has another romp in "Baby, Take a Bow"—this time with James Dunn as her principal support and "Daddy"



Madeleine Carroll, from England, and Franchot Tone are the lovers of "The World Moves On," the newest anti-war saga

Frances' father, steals every scene in which he appears. For his direction, John Cromwell will be well up in the running for the Academy award for 1934.

THE WORLD MOVES ON—Fox

Has Sincerity, But Too Much Plot

THERE'S an earnest effort behind this picture, which has been created on a semi-colossal scale. But, somehow, it lacks conviction. It seems to me that there is too much plot, which robs it of simplicity and compactness. It is intended as a saga of a widely scattered family, starting in 1825 and then jumping through the World War to the financial panic of 1929.

The pattern is something like "The House of Rothschild," in that the founder of the family gathers his heirs around him as he reads his will and advises them to keep the family ties together in the succeeding generations. But succeeding generations grow up in different countries that eventually meet in war. You

REVIEWS OF THE CURRENT PICTURES

BY LARRY REID

will also notice a vein of "Berkeley Square" in it, with the heroine feeling she is re-living an earlier existence; and you will see a superficial resemblance to "Cavalcade"—but where "Cavalcade" told its story in even sequence, with the reactions of tragedy building character, the new opus never gets down to rock bottom or concentrates upon the human touches. It unfolds some grand war scenes—with the offspring of the original founder at odds with one another. But you never feel pity for tragedies that develop because the plot jumps so frequently.

In reality it presents a series of plots—all of which are dwarfed by the sweeping war scenes, for which director John Ford must be commended. The miniature of the torpedoing of the liner is also well done. Back of it all is a romance embroidered with sub-romances and it engenders considerable conflict. In all, it is an earnest effort, but lacks greatness. The players are all praiseworthy. Madeleine Carroll screens beautifully and acts with fine poise, and Franchot



Richard Barthelmess doesn't look the part, but he's a gangster in "Midnight Alibi." Ann Dvorak is the girl in his life

She is the offspring of James Dunn and Claire Trevor—Jimmy being an ex-convict, like Ray Walker, trying to go straight. But Alan Dinehart, the meanest detective that ever got a laugh from an audience, keeps riding them, won't leave them alone. And when Ralf Harolde, a tough hombre, steals a pearl necklace and gives it to Shirley, who thinks it's a plaything and plays hide-and-seek with it, things begin to look troublous for Daddy Dunn. The action moves along hokumish lines, but it moves fast, and Shirley—who sings and dances a song about a Copy Cat—doesn't let your interest wane. Jimmy does good work in his paternal rôle. The others are sufficient; nothing more.

MURDER IN THE PRIVATE CAR—M-G-M

Mystery Comedy, Old Style

IF THEY had gone a little farther, this would have been a burlesque of all the murder mysteries ever screened
(Continued on page 60)



Everybody present looks surprised at this "Murder in the Private Car," except Charlie Ruggles. He's a detective

Tone is sincere. But the finest acting is contributed by the character actors, Siegfried Rumann and Dudley Digges. They seem to be apart from the others in humanizing their rôles. The photography is excellent. Had there been more human touches, more intimate scenes and less striving for a big canvas, it would have greater appeal. There is a note of propaganda in it—one emphasizing the futility of war. It would have a bigger meaning, if the characters championing it had been more colorful.

BABY, TAKE A BOW—Fox

Shirley Temple Is the Whole Show

SHIRLEY TEMPLE is practically the only reason for seeing "Baby, Take a Bow"—but she's plenty. This little five-year-old, now a full-fledged star, is not just a cute little package with a million-dollar personality; she is also a real actress, who knows her gestures, her expressions, her timing, her vocal acrobatics.



Grace Moore wins the love of both Lyle Talbot and Tullio Carminati in "One Night of Love." You'll like her, yourself



Here is a great study of Jackie Cooper and Wallace Beery, together again, in "Treasure Island." Jackie, who has grown inches, is the boy-hero of Stevenson's great yarn; Wally is the peg-legged pirate, as hard as nails, who is always up on deck

JIM HAWKINS AND LONG JOHN SILVER



BABY MAKES A WOW

Garbo, look to your laurels! And you, too, Janet Gaynor! Shirley Temple has all the baby stars in history backed into oblivion, and now she's starting on the grown-ups. And all she does is to be her playful five-year-old self. She just finished "Now and Forever." Her salary? Just raised to \$1,250 a week



GILBERT'S UP AGAIN!

Studio fights and marital troubles get this guy down, but he always bobs up on top again. Yesterday he didn't have either a job or a wife. But to-day he has a new job, at least!

By GLADYS HALL

JOHN GILBERT is news, *different* news with every Hollywood edition. One day he is in an abyss, brooding and bitter; the next day, he is sky-high, exuberant and excited. He is, actually, an exaggerated symbol of Hollywood, which is a roller-coaster with sudden, breath-taking descents and amazing, sudden ascents. He is the star, who, one night, shines in the highest heavens and, the next night, is fallen to the blackest depths of the earth, only to rise again—

I had an interview with Jack recently in which he said, "I have been on the screen for twenty years and I have managed to squeeze out of it complete unhappiness. To-day I can't get a job. I mean exactly that: *I—can't—get—a—job*. Four short years ago I had a contract calling for two hundred and fifty thousand dollars a picture; to-day I can't get a job for twenty-five dollars a week or for nothing at all. It doesn't make sense. But there it is."

Twenty-four hours later, Jack came to my house for dinner, waving a five-year contract with Columbia in my startled face. He was already in production on "The Captain Hates the Sea," in the rôle of the reporter. He had an offer from Universal. He had had an offer from England. To the man who had thought he was starving, the picture pie had again been offered, with ripe plums for the picking. He was reborn, revived, recharged as only John Gilbert can be recharged. And so, not one word of the story I had done the day before was true. I had to tear it up and—write this one.

It was a difficult mental feat to compare this electric



Virginia Bruce

Gilbert with the man I had talked with the day before. It was as if the hero of the silent version of "The Merry Widow" and "The Big Parade" had come back again, elbowing the less vital Gilbert of "Queen Christina" and her predecessors out of the way for good and all. I should have known that it would be like this.

Only Wanted to Work

BUT it was hard to believe that this was the man who had said, only twenty-four hours before: "What am I to do? Sit here on this hilltop and listen to the music of the silences? People advise me to 'go to Europe.' What for? I don't want to go to Europe. I don't even want to go to Honolulu! I don't want to go anywhere. I

MOVIE CLASSIC
QUICKEST
to Tell the Newest News

want to *work*. I want the simple right of every creature that walks the earth—the right to earn my own living."

I had known that day that *for* that day Jack was sick at heart. I knew that his contract with M-G-M had come to its final end and that that long strain was done. He had known that Virginia Bruce, his

former wife, was back on that lot and he felt that he couldn't, with good taste and good feeling, work there, too. He had felt, too, that he could not go on living indefinitely in the house on the hill. California has community property laws, because of which Jack's worldly

(Continued on page 62)

The GIBSON FAMILY



Pretty Sally Gibson is getting a hand.

"Your eyes, your skin—golly, you're a knockout," breathes Ted.

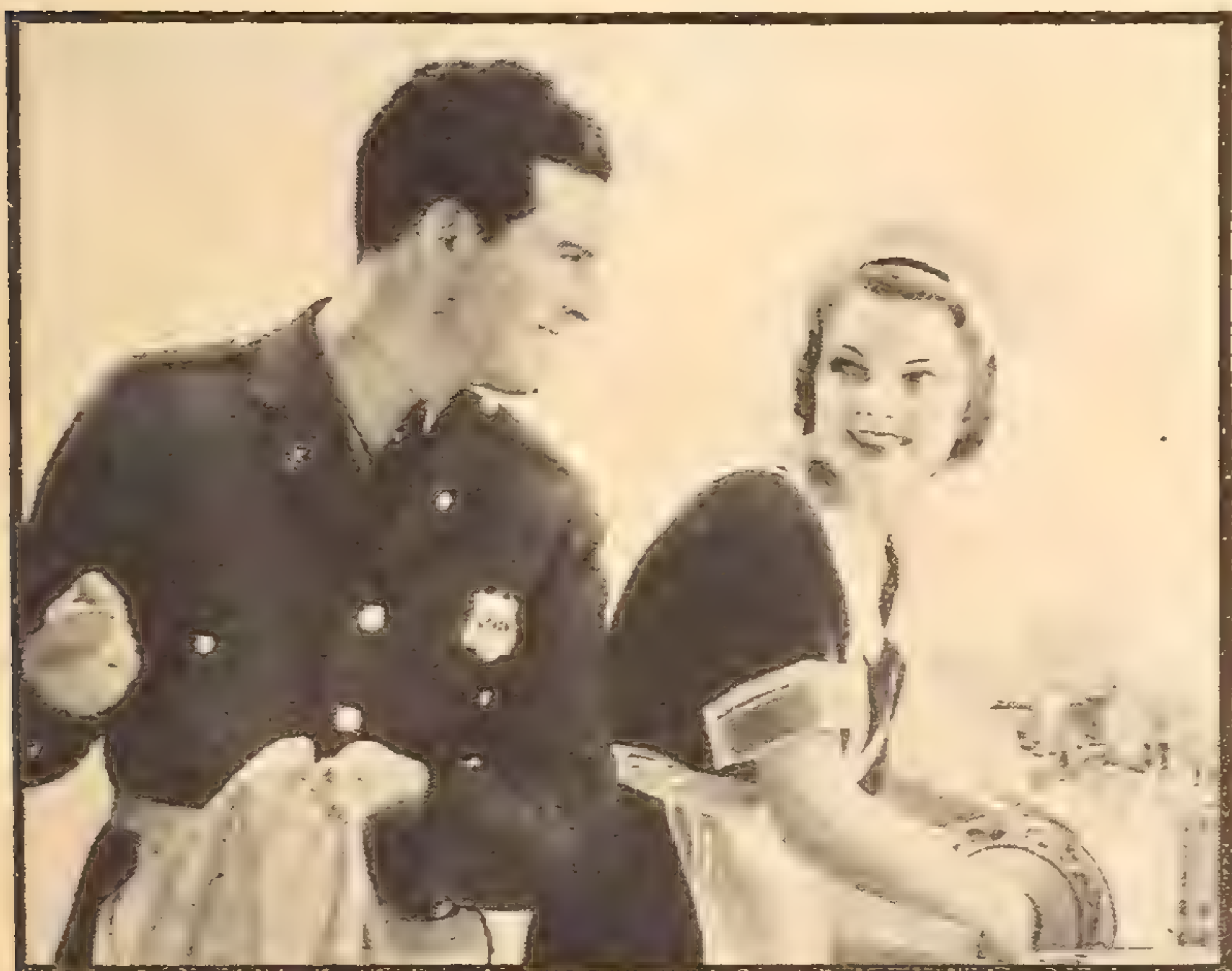
"Oh, really!" blushes Sally. "You know the other girls won't believe that I just use Ivory Soap, but as Doctor MacRae says, a sensitive skin needs a pure soap."

Yes, doctors like their patients to use Ivory. They have no use for the exaggerated promises of many soaps. Doctors say: "Use a *pure* soap." Don't let impure soaps dry out your skin.

PROTECT your complexion. Pure Ivory Soap will help you.



"THESE SOCIETY LADIES'D give a mint for your skin, young feller," says Jenkins. Nurse Tippit smiles. "Do them a lot more good to use pure **IVORY SOAP!**"



THUMP! THUMP! THUMP! . . . Pete Clancy's loving heart pounds like mad every time he takes a cup from Julia's smooth hands. And when his hand touches hers (by accident, we trust) he goes all pink in the ears!

As for Julia—she silently thanks Mrs. Gibson for saying, "Yes, Julia, use Ivory for everything. It will keep your hands looking nice when you serve the table!"

IVORY FOR DISHES KEEPS HANDS NICE



"GO ON, GRIN, Sally Gibson!" says Jane. "I wash-ee wash-ee stockings. And I know half of them have runs!"

"If you wash-ee every night with Ivory Flakes," teases Sally, "your stockings would not run-nee, run-nee so much."

"That's what the salesgirl at Baxton's said," says Jane. "She gave me a lecture on Ivory's purity, she did. So don't preach to me, Sally. From today I'm using Ivory Flakes."

FINE STORES ADVISE IVORY FLAKES

Jane dreams of romance —



BUT while she sleeps she's spoiling her looks



Jane leaves daytime make-up choking her pores all night! If she'd remove cosmetics Hollywood's way, she'd guard against unattractive Cosmetic Skin

JANE dreams of romance — every girl does! But like Jane, many a girl is taking foolish chances with her beauty. She *thinks* she removes cosmetics thoroughly, but actually she is leaving bits of stale make-up in the pores to *choke* them day after day.

"What can be the matter with my skin!" Soon to her dismay she discovers enlarged pores — tiny blemishes — blackheads, perhaps. The distressing signals of unattractive Cosmetic Skin, a widespread modern complexion trouble.

To guard against this loss of beauty, thousands of women are adopting Hollywood's beauty method. For cosmetics need not harm even delicate skin unless they are allowed to *choke the pores*.

Cosmetics Harmless if removed this way

Lux Toilet Soap is made to remove cosmetics *thoroughly*. Its ACTIVE lather sinks deeply into the pores, carries away *every vestige* of dust, dirt, stale cosmetics. Before you put on fresh make-up during the day — ALWAYS before you go to bed at night — give your skin this gentle care. Then you *protect* it — keep it beautiful.

The Hollywood stars, whose complexions are literally worth millions, have used this pure, mild soap for years.



Naturally I use
cosmetics, but
with my regular
Lux Toilet Soap
care there's no
danger of my
getting
Cosmetic Skin



LUX
TOILET SOAP

KAY FRANCIS

STAR OF WARNER BROTHERS'
"BRITISH AGENT"

What a BLESSED- EVENTING Star Thinks About...

JOAN BLONDELL isn't your typical movie mother-to-be. She doesn't say what people might expect. She says what she thinks—and she thinks she has had her fill of movie-acting!

By FAITH SERVICE

A BIG happy family," laughed Joan Blondell, "—that's what I want from life! Here I am, as you see, expecting my first baby in about three months and hardly able to wait until I see it and touch it and hear it; and I'm planning already for others. George, this house, and babies—they are all I want. I'm not kidding you or myself or anyone; I mean it."

We were sitting in Joan's chintzy living-room, in her hill-top house looking down on the wide panorama of Hollywood far below—a sunny house all pine and maple of the Early American period when houses were homes and women were home-bodies.

"I want this child," Joan was saying, "and six or seven others. I don't care what this one is, boy or girl, because I expect to have so many that sex doesn't have to matter. If this one is a girl, we'll name her Georgia, after George, and if it is a boy, we'll probably name him Norman. I wanted to name a boy George, but George the First thinks a boy should have a brand-new name of his own, not a second-hand one."

"I've never been so happy in my life. I'm buying teddy bears and kiddie cars and Mickey

"All I want from life is George Barnes, our home, and children," says Joan. (P. S. She means it!)



Mouses and downy cats and dogs and rubber things. I've ordered all of the furniture, and it's all to be done in Early American design, only painted white. All the other things are to be in pink and blue. Some of the girls I know have had their baby things in yellow or green or even a pale lavender, but pink and blue are the baby colors, and I want this to be the *babiest* baby that ever was!

"I'm not reading books on Infant Psychology, nor books on pre-natal care and influences. I'm not going to have my baby in any hospital, either. Hospitals are for sick people and babies have nothing to do with sickness. I want to be in a home-like, sunny place where George can be with me and my friends can come and go and where it will be like a festival of nativity."

Snap Her Fingers at Career

I SAID, looking at Joan, "How will you feel if this affects your career in any way?" I was remembering Joan as we have seen her in so many pictures, the symbol of saucy seductiveness.

Joan laughed. "I'll feel swell," she said. "I not only don't like making pictures; I hate it. I

(Continued on page 56)

*So much
of their*

Loveliness

*depends
on the
tooth paste
they use*



"Like my hat—like my teeth?" asks BETTY DOUGLAS. Her hat (from New York creator Lilly Daché, as are the other two shown here) is white piqué with navy blue veil and band.



BETTY COOK shows you the halter-neck of one of the season's new and popular swim suits.



GAY HAYDEN wears this beige antelope fedora. Her suit is brown wool crepe with orange silk foulard scarf (Spectator Sports, Inc., New York).

*The country over,
more than 2 million
women have changed
to Listerine Tooth Paste
... it cleans so much
better ... gives teeth
such high lustre.*

Why not try a tube?

Ask smart women why they prefer Listerine Tooth Paste to costlier brands—each has some special reason. "I like my teeth to shine," says Betty Cook. "It cleans better," explains another user. "It makes my mouth feel so clean and fresh," a third finds.

All agree—there is no use paying high prices when Listerine Tooth Paste at 25¢ gives so much better results. More than 2 million women share this belief. Among them are thousands who can afford any amount for cosmetics ... for whom no beauty aid is

too costly. Since other women find it so helpful, why not try Listerine Tooth Paste yourself? Test the way it cleans. See what a high lustre its gentle polishing agent brings to the teeth. Learn of the wonderful feeling of refreshment you get from its use—so

much like the effect of Listerine itself.

At 25¢ for large tube, here's thrift to be proud of. And if you like an extra-large tube, buy the new Double Size—40¢—contains twice as much—saves 20% more! Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Missouri.



It's hard to
outguess this
adaptable film . . It
soaks up the sun's
brilliance . . . it
drinks in the dull
light of the shade
.. works on days
when ordinary
films fail.



HOW VERICHROME DIFFERS FROM ORDINARY FILM

1. Double-coated. Two layers of sensitive silver.
2. Highly color-sensitive.
3. Halation "fuzz" prevented by special backing on film.
4. Finer details in both high lights and shadows.
5. Translucent, instead of transparent.

Made by an exclusive process of
Eastman Kodak Co., Rochester, N. Y.

KODAK
VERICHROME
FILM

What a Blessed-Eventing Star Thinks About

(Continued from page 54)

positively hate it, all of it, every part of it. I've been unhappy almost ever since I've been out here. I still love show business—but making movies has nothing to do with show business.

"Any dope can be a movie actress. You could go down to a bargain basement right now and pick out any girl with a reasonably presentable face and take her to the studio, and if the studio wanted to badly enough, it could make a star of her. There's more baloney about this business of becoming a movie actress than there is in a chain of butcher shops. A girl doesn't need to know how to act. She doesn't have to have a thought in her head. She doesn't have to be beautiful or anywhere near it. She does have to have a studio back of her, and that's all she has to have.

"You don't need to have a thought in your head because any thought process is cut before it fully develops, anyway. We have writers do our stories for us, directors to tell us how to enter a room and leave it, cry, laugh, get up and sit down again. We have voice men to train our voices and mixers to pitch them where they should be pitched. We have make-up men to do what they can to our faces before we face the camera—and they can do almost anything. We have camera men to do what they can with our faces before the camera—and they can do everything.

"And the sum total can be wrecked or salvaged in the cutting-room. No matter what we do, or how we do it, it doesn't matter, once it reaches the cutting-room. If we give the grandest performance in the world, the cutters can cut it to bits, stupid and ugly bits. If we give the world's worst performance, the cutters can speed it up, patch it with something else here and there, and produce a masterpiece of acting. I don't say they do, but they *can*. I repeat, any dope can be a movie actress if the studio wants to make her one.

Doesn't Enjoy (!) the Spotlight

"I'VE never liked any part of it. I hate the so-called 'fame' part—where people recognize you on the street and point you out. I'm not beautiful. I don't dress up. I usually look like sin and never care. I can't be bothered. But when people nudge each other and say, 'There is Joan Blondell,' I feel self-conscious and miserable because I know how I must be letting them down.

"I feel sorry for the girls most people envy. I feel sorry for Garbo, awfully sorry for her. I feel sorry for Marion Davies and Joan Crawford and Mary Pickford and Carole Lombard and Claudette Colbert and all of them. What they have to be envied for, you see, I don't want. I'd rather be dead right now than think that I would just go on with my 'career' until I could go on no longer and would then spend the rest of my life having—nothingness. And if a woman doesn't have children, nothingness is what she does have. Women can see their names in electric lights and see them all over the newspapers and magazines; they can have limousines and palaces and furs and jewels and everything Fame is supposed to give as a handout—but unless they are mothers, they are mannikins and nothing but.

"I'm more interested in watching babies develop than I am in watching productions develop. The babies I'm planning to have will keep me off the screen and I already owe this one a debt of gratitude for just that. I don't ever want to go back. I have

four more years to go on my present contract and if I can get out of it, I'll sing hallelujah!

"I haven't much of any use for money. I can live on what George makes and be perfectly happy. Babies don't need so much. Just a lot of love, and sunshine and milk and there'll be plenty of all of those things up here. I don't want to have a starched, professional nurse for my baby, either. I want the baby to know which is its mother and which its nurse. My babies are going to know that I am their mother and no mistake about it. I'm going to bathe them and feed them and dress them and spank them when necessary and show them my love by being with them.

Wants More Time of Her Own

"IF, after this baby is born, they want to rearrange my contract so that I can make only three or four pictures a year, then I might go back. And if this should work out and I can go back under this arrangement, I'll *try* to like it. I'll try to take an interest in it. I'll even try to dress up and be elegant and like a movie star. It's awful to hate the thing you are doing as I've hated it. It's a wonder it didn't show in my performances—and maybe it did.

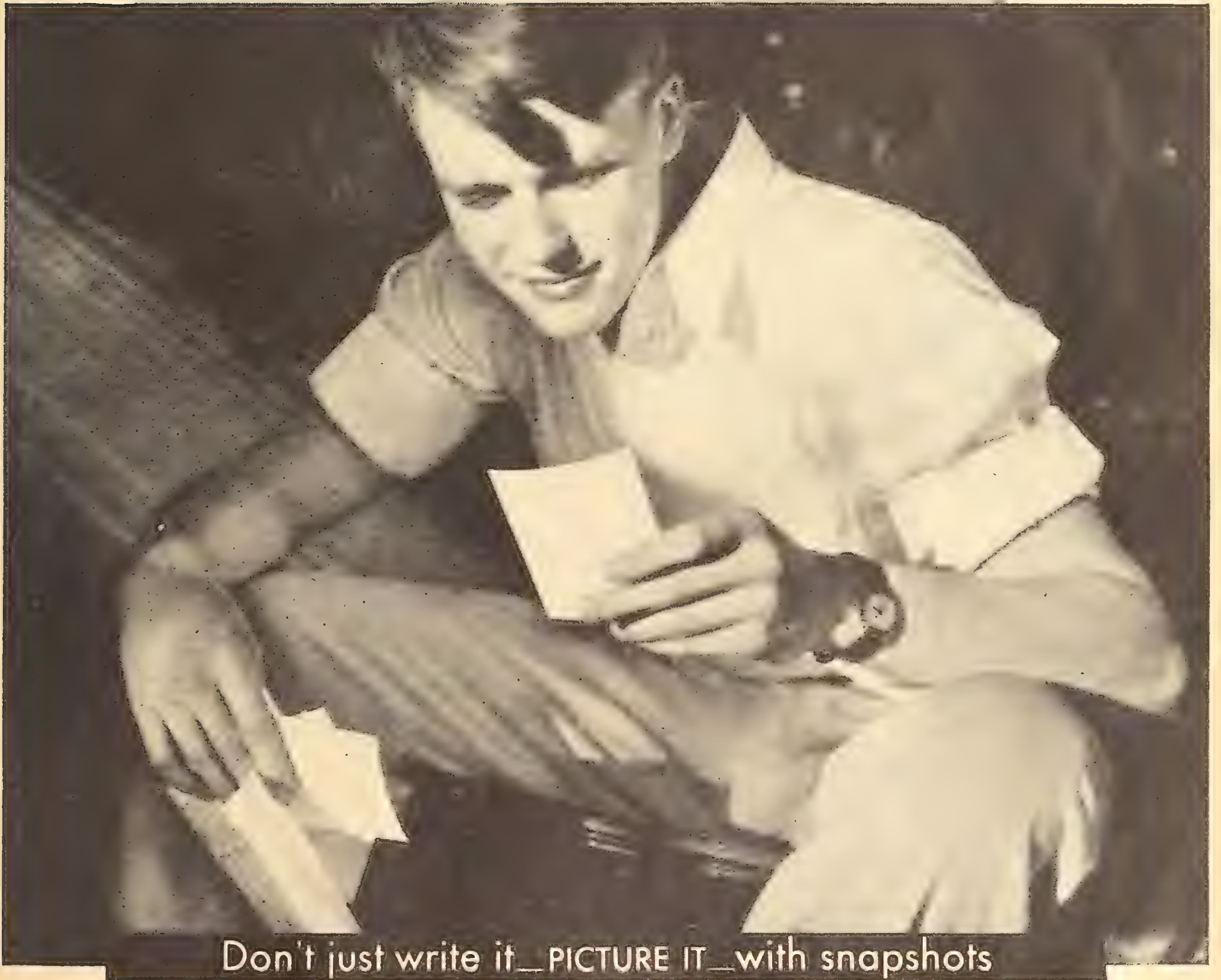
"Why, the last few pictures I made, I didn't even read the script before I started to work. I hadn't an idea of what the stories were about. I didn't even know who I was supposed to be, to do, or why. I didn't even know what I was supposed to be doing in such and such a room. I'd say to the director, 'What am I in this room for?' and he'd say, 'You have just arrived from Washington and you are supposed to be taking off your hat.' I'd say, 'Oh!' and let it go at that. I'm sure that Guy Kibbee and Dick Powell and Ruby Keeler and I got so tired of each other's make-ups that we were ready to die of exhaustion at the sight of each other.

"There is no life for me that means more than my home-life. I will certainly not live a life that will interfere with my life as a mother. I've been working from seven in the morning until eight or nine at night. So has George. We come home dead-tired and grab a little dinner and are too exhausted to go anywhere or to have anyone in, or even to talk. No amount of money could make that sort of thing worth while. And I've never made big money, anyhow. I had one of those unfortunate contracts. This past year I've made more, but it doesn't seem to have whetted my appetite for it.

"I have just about finished my last picture until after the baby's birth—if ever. Yes, you may well look surprised, though I think I got away with it all right. I didn't take time to look at any of the rushes—I didn't care enough. They knew about my condition and they still wanted me to make the picture, so that was that. I didn't worry. George photographed it and, of course, he made a slick job of it; and I had a double to do all of the running and walking scenes.

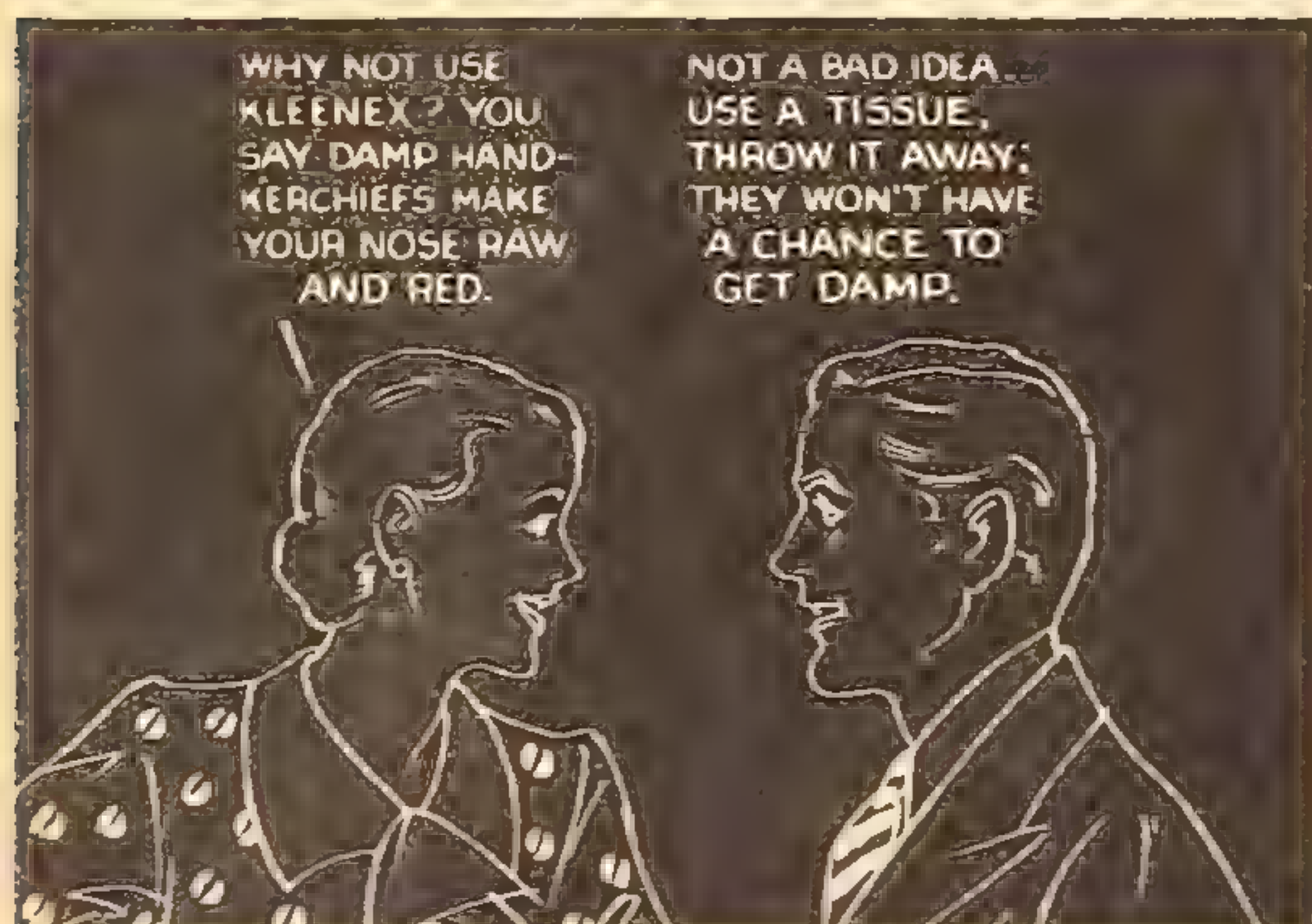
"I can talk all around it in circles but, inevitably, it narrows down to the same thing: all I want from life is George and our home and children. I'd rather have 'heaps and heaps of babies' than all of the heaps and heaps of press notices and contracts and fame and money in the world. There isn't a shadow of a question in my mind about what I'm going to do. If any issue of preference arises—babies or career?—the babies win, hands down!"

*— Here are the snapshots
you asked for — I'm wearing
yours next to my heart.*



Don't just write it — PICTURE IT — with snapshots

The day takes on a new glow—here's a letter! With snapshots of the one and only girl. The wonderful, wonderful girl . . . How important it is that snapshots can be taken, and sent speeding to their destinations, to make a young man's heart tremble and pound . . . So anything that improves snapshots is important, too. They've become much better since Kodak Verichrome Film came along.
Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, New York.



Illustrations and text copr. 1934, Kleenex Co.

Save Sore Noses from Hay Fever Misery

Use soft, dry Kleenex;
avoid damp, irritating handkerchiefs.
End laundry nuisance.

THE agonies of hay fever are bad enough. Don't add to them by using handkerchiefs which often harm more than they help. Instead, try Kleenex. Your nose will be grateful for the change from rough, soggy handkerchiefs that make raw, inflamed membranes cry out for relief.

Kleenex is a touch of comfort you'll welcome. The softest yet strongest of tissues. Far more absorbent than linen or cotton. And always dry, fresh, clean . . . because you simply use, then destroy. Isn't this better than an endless succession of mucus-clogged handkerchiefs any woman dreads washing?

Kleenex is priced so low you can use many of these disposable tissues for the cost of having one handkerchief laundered. Try Kleenex — at drug, dry goods, department stores.



KLEENEX Disposable Tissues

COCKTAIL RECIPES of the Stars

MOVIE CLASSIC is the first—and only—screen magazine to present, month after month, the favorite cocktail recipes of the stars. Every recipe is a "scoop." Look them over. Better yet, try them. You'll find that "good mixing" is another of Hollywood's arts!—Editor.

IN honor of Max Baer, Hollywood's own, who is now heavyweight champion of the world, our recipes this month are devoted to punches. Which may be a bad gag, but the recipes are better.

There are many formulas for *Champagne Punch*, but the one favored by Adrienne Ames for a small party is mixed as follows:

Pour one pint of iced champagne into a chilled pitcher. Add the juice of one lemon, three tablespoonsful of sugar, and one-half wine-glass of strawberry syrup. Drop in a slice of orange and two slices of pineapple. Stir with a spoon and serve in champagne glasses decorated with fresh fruit. This serves four people (with a dividend).

Few people seem to realize that it is not compulsory to serve punch in a punch bowl. You can make large quantities, or you can mix small quantities — like a cocktail. Try an *American Beauty Punch*, from the recipe of Fay Wray:

Use a large bar-glass, filled with fine ice. Dissolve a half-teaspoonful of sugar in the juice of half an orange. Pour one teaspoonful of crème-de-menthe over the ice; then add the sugared orange juice, a jigger of brandy, and a jigger of French Vermouth. Shake, strain into goblets and float a teaspoonful of Port wine on top. Dress with fresh fruit and serve.

Douglass Montgomery has the recipe for that famous old *Cohasset Punch*. Here's how:

Into a large bar-glass half-full of shaved ice, put one jigger of New England rum, one jigger of Vermouth, three dashes of gum syrup, one dash of orange bitters, and the juice of one-half lemon.

Stir and serve with a preserved peach on top.

Alice White suggests the equally well-remembered *Mississippi Punch*, suh—to be served in a tall highball glass filled with ice. The ingredients:

One teaspoonful of sugar, dissolved in a half-wine-glass of water and the juice of one-half lemon; one-half wine-glass of Bourbon whiskey; one-half wine-glass of Jamaica rum; and one wine-glass of brandy. Dress top of glass with fresh fruits.

You have heard of *Fish House Punch*. Here is the way Ralph Bellamy mixes it for a party of four. Better use a punch bowl or, as the prize contests say, an equivalent of same. It contains:

One and one-half wine-glasses of lemon juice; two wine-glasses of peach brandy; one wine-glass of cognac; one wine-glass of rum; one-half pound of fine sugar, and one and one-half pints of ice water. (By icing the water first, you do not need so much ice in the punch bowl.)



Clark Gable, the ol' mechanical wizard, has a gadget that helps him mix his drinks. Bottles feed simultaneously through this sypho-twins apparatus. No spilling!

But that's enough of punches. Now, for a cocktail or two. Did you know that there is one cocktail that can properly be served after dinner? That's what it is called, in fact — *The After-Dinner Cocktail*. This is Sidney Fox's recipe:

Into a shaker, put one drink of Prunelle brandy; one drink of sherry; four dashes of lemon juice; and plenty of ice. Shake well and strain. Serve in sherry glasses.

Then, too, there are several morning cocktails. Here's a neat little number named *The Morning Call* and prescribed by Grant Withers. It's a sure cure for those morning blues.

Use a tall shell glass, half-filled with shaved ice. Add one-half wine-glass of absinthe, one-half wine-glass of lemon juice, and one-half wine-glass of Maraschino. Fill with seltzer water and stir.

KEEP YOUR LOVELINESS

Germ-free

with Woodbury's two beauty creams

**THEY STAY GERM-FREE
AS LONG AS THEY LAST!**



If the lady takes the proper care of her complexion, the game may end in a Love Set!

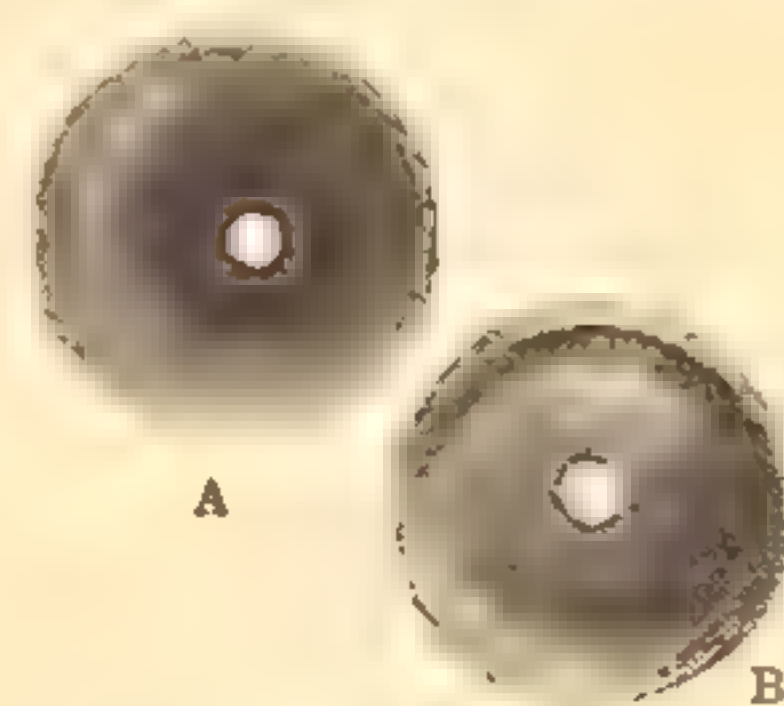
GERM-FREE beauty creams! The latest discovery of science. Woodbury's Cold and Facial Creams have the unique power to *remain pure, germ-free, throughout their use!* Germs cannot live in them. They're safe as long as they last. Even if you carelessly leave the lid of the jar off—you run no risk in their lavish use.

They give your skin protection—and what is more, hasten its beauty. Skin specialists who've tested them agree that they're safe for sensitive skins. And that by raising its resistance, they cause every skin to bloom

with finer texture, fresher radiance, more alluring, more youthful tone.

Woodbury's Cold Cream not only protects the skin from blemish, but overcomes dryness. It contains another unique element known as 576. This *stimulates* the oil glands which feed the skin the natural oils that keep it fresh, supple, young. Woodbury's Facial Cream protects against wind, sun and dust, forms a velvety powder base—and guards from blemish, too.

Woodbury's cost no more than ordinary, unprotected creams—only 50c, 30c, 10c in jars; 25c and 10c in tubes.



PROOF OF WOODBURY'S GERM-DESTROYING POWER

Agar plates seeded with poisonous germs, shown by grey surface. Plate A bears a patch of Woodbury's Cream. The clear, dark ring shows this has destroyed all germs in its vicinity. Plate B, bearing a patch of ordinary cream, has no clear ring, showing this cream cannot destroy germs.

DERMATOLOGISTS ADVISE WOODBURY'S 109 of them tested, approved and are recommending them to their patients. 93.5% of them report these creams to be free of the risks of spreading infection. A typical report: "They are the best creams on the market."

FREE.. WOODBURY'S NEW GERM-PROOF CREAMS! Send for a free tube of each of Woodbury's Germ-free Beauty Creams! Also *six samples* of Woodbury's Facial Powder—one of each of the six shades!

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"Call for PHILIP MORRIS"

America's Finest 15¢ Cigarette



Amazingly mild
with a new KIND of
mildness tastes
different because it is
MADE different—it's a
new modern cigarette
for smarter smokers.

Tune in Tuesdays
and hear JOHNNIE
"Call for Philip Morris"

These Movies

(Continued from page 47)

it's that improbable. As it stands, however, it is a would-be mystery comedy, intended to chill you when it isn't making you laugh. But its thrills are transparent, its laughs are mere snickers. Its setting—like that of the swell thriller, "Rome Express"—is a train; the immediate setting is a private car, on which a millionaire's long-lost daughter (Mary Carlisle) is rushing to meet her Dad, with kidnapers, murderers and an escaped circus ape complicating the trip. There are murders and attempted murders, with Charlie Ruggles, as a dumb, but wise-cracking detective, solving the difficulties by accident. The big climax—just to give you an idea—has the private car uncoupled from the train, rolling down a mountain in the path of a fast express. But, just as in the good old days, there's a switch handy.

MIDNIGHT ALIBI—Warners Story Unreal, with Star a Gangster

"MIDNIGHT ALIBI," from a story by Damon Runyon, is Richard Barthelmess' last picture on his Warner contract—and he does more for the picture than the film does for him. It's the least believable of the Runyon stories that have so far been screened, and Barthelmess just isn't the type to play a gangster or sling underworld slang. Briefly, this is the plot: Dick is in love with Ann Dvorak, sister of the boss racketeer, and in escaping from the "mob," finds himself in the house of an "old doll" (Helen Lowell), who hasn't left the premises for nigh onto a hundred years because of a blighted love in her youth. Dick tells her of his romantic troubles; she then tells him the story of her broken romance—which Dick (in a dual rôle) and Helen Chandler enact in a fade-back. Dick then leaves, gets accused of the murder of the boss racketeer, and the Old Doll gives him an alibi for a happy ending. It's one of those half-way-between pictures—neither good nor bad. It will help you pass an evening, but won't pay you any memory dividends.

ONE NIGHT OF LOVE —Columbia

A Picture You Can Rave About

"ONE NIGHT OF LOVE" is one of those pictures that everyone has unconsciously been waiting for. Let's hope that those who have been telling people to stay away from the movies will be sporting and tell their followers that here is one movie they can't afford to miss. It has everything that a musical picture ought to have—a good story, good acting, and such singing as you have never heard on the screen before. Grace Moore, who was in the movies two or three seasons ago and didn't get the right breaks, now emerges as one of the biggest stars of them all.

Tullio Carminati, playing a great Italian voice teacher, discovers Grace and, falling in love with her voice, starts her on the long, hard road to fame—a road of rigid, relentless training. Into the picture steps Lyle Talbot, whose romantic attentions she welcomes as a relief from the grind, though Carminati fights them. Finally comes a singing triumph in Paris, with the pupil, headstrong with fame, clashing with the teacher and accepting an offer from the Metropolitan Opera in New York. And in New York she seems destined for tragic failure until Carminati appears to inspire her once more.

Grace Moore is so natural and effortless in her rôle that she seems to be living it—and

in her rise to operatic fame, perhaps she did know similar sacrifices, emotions and triumphs. In her singing of four popular operatic arias (two of them are from "Carmen" and "Madame Butterfly"), she is equally effortless and emotional, with no straining for effect. Tullio Carminati likewise is living a rôle similar to one he has played in real life, and his playing of it makes him a candidate for 1934's Hall of Fame. Victor Schertzinger, besides his superb direction, has contributed the theme song, "One Night of Love."

SHOOT THE WORKS

—Paramount

Oakie and Bernie an Amusing Team

"SHOOT THE WORKS" received advance publicity through the fact that two members of its cast—Dorothy Dell and Lew Cody—died a few days after completion of the picture. Many will probably attend it out of morbid curiosity. Others—who are seeking no more than amusement—will find it an entertaining little comedy revolving around Jack Oakie and Ben (the Old Maestro) Bernie. Its setting is show business. Oakie is a cocky promoter of cheap enterprises—flagpole sitters, stuffed whales, flea circuses and small-time dance bands; he has big ideas, but, somehow, they don't pay cash. Finally, Bernie, a band leader, leads a revolt against his management, and Oakie is left high and dry, with only Dorothy remaining his pal—and he does her dirt. Bernie climbs into the big-money class and owns a night-club, which is as good a setting as any for some song numbers and an amusing reunion between the boys. At this point there is an intended burlesque of the Bernie-Winchell feud that isn't so funny as it ought to be, because William Frawley makes his columnist-character such a low-life. Bernie, the smoothie, puts himself across as a movie personality by just being himself (though the script gives him another name); you-all will like him. Oakie humanizes his satirized rôle—also by playing himself. The late Dorothy Dell's beauty and promise are tragically apparent. The others in the cast—including Cody, Alison Skipworth, Arline Judge, Roscoe Karns and Paul Cavanagh—have little more than "bits." Two songs in it that sound like hits are "With My Eyes Wide Open, I'm Dreaming" and "Just a Bowl of Chop Suey—and You-ey."

HIS GREATEST GAMBLE

—RKO-Radio


Notable Only for Its Newcomers

THEY seem to be trying to make Richard Dix a romantic jail-breaker. In "Stingaree," he was a bandit who managed to get out of the clutches of the law; in "His Greatest Gamble," he is a convict who has been railroaded to a foreign prison and, being a clever fellow, he escapes with ease and sails to America, where he has a mission. He wants to break the hold of his half-insane wife on their daughter, whose life is being wrecked. (P. S. He succeeds.)

The story is trivial and improbable, and the Dix talents, which are considerable, seem wasted. What is notable about the picture is the acting of the newcomer, Erin O'Brien-Moore, as his wife; she'll bear watching. Little Edith Fellowes, as their daughter when a child, also shows promise. Dorothy Wilson, as their daughter in adolescence, is sincere.

MADE BETTER AND BETTER

—Yet Reduced 58% in Price

When you insist upon seeing the famous  monogram on every lamp you buy, you are receiving the benefits of more than 100 improvements which research and development have been constantly adding to General Electric MAZDA lamps since 1906!

The improvements made in the past ten years alone, have resulted in a truly startling increase in the amount of light given for the current consumed. In dollars, the value of this increased efficiency was more than one billion dollars.

But users of General Electric MAZDA lamps have

not been compelled to pay a premium for a constantly improved product. On the contrary, General Electric MAZDA lamps of today are approximately 58 per cent lower in price than they were in 1921.

No wonder people who want the most for their money insist upon General Electric MAZDA lamps. They know that good light at low cost is no mere glib phrase. Naturally they refuse inferior substitutes. They refuse to take a chance when it is so easy to be sure. General Electric Company, Nela Park, Cleveland, Ohio.

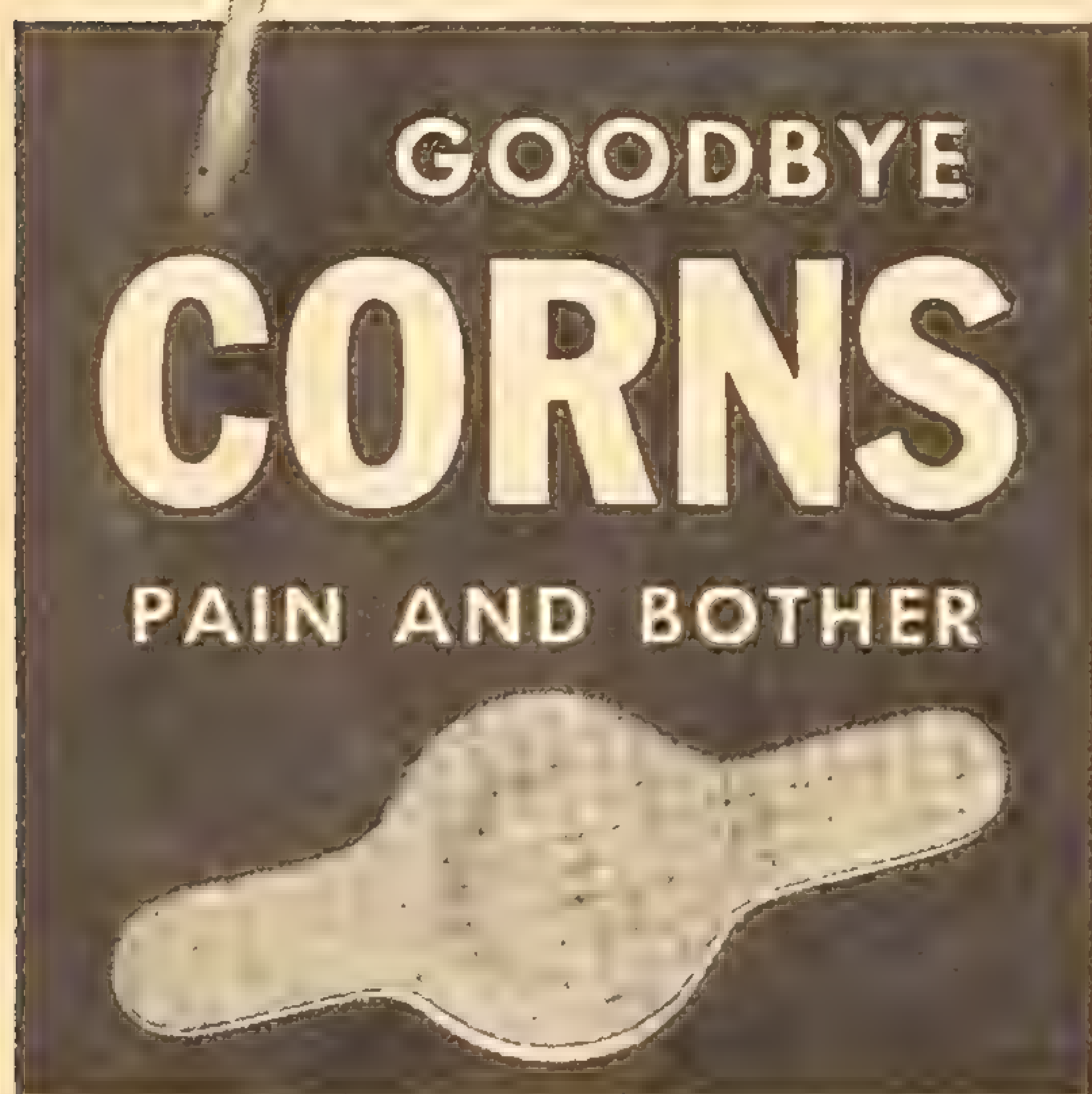


General Electric manufactures lamps for home lighting and decoration, automobiles, flashlights, photography, stores, offices and factories, street lighting and signs. Also Sunlight lamps.

GENERAL  ELECTRIC
MAZDA LAMPS

Gilbert's Up Again

(Continued from page 50)



● To your grateful relief comes this new, improved corn plaster... DRYBAK! In six distinct ways it's *better* than old-style plasters. Entirely different in shape—the newly-conceived tabs hold it snugly in place. No bulging or overlapping. Drybak Corn Plaster is the *neatest* plaster you've ever worn—just the right thickness for protection—the smooth Drybak surface is waterproof. You can bathe without changing it. It will not chafe or stick to stocking. Suntan in color, inconspicuous, and doesn't soil. The individual medicated centers are un-

excelled for removing corns effectively.



● Drybak Corn Plasters are economical. A box of 12, with 8 individual medicated centers, 25c. At your druggist's.

ALSO NEW—DRYBAK WATERPROOF BUNION AND CALLOUS PLASTERS



goods are considerably sub-divided, now that he and Virginia are divided. He said to me, "Yes, I can live the rest of my life even if I never work again, but that is not sufficient. I want to work because I love it. And I certainly could not go on living here unless I do work again."

I knew that he had wanted to make a picture in England after he and Virginia parted. He had wanted to get away. There didn't seem to be any spot for him at the time. It had been suggested to him that he make personal appearance tours. The money offered was interesting, but the sketches were not. He turned them down.

He had had plays submitted to him this past year. He said, "I did make one terribly bad error of judgment about one of them. Last year a play was submitted to me with an offer to play the leading part. I read the script and turned it down. I said that it was depressing, and that I didn't believe audiences, sufficiently depressed already, wanted to be further dragged down in the theatres. In short, I turned down—the Pulitzer Prize Play, 'Men in White'! The only salve for this error on my part is that they did change the script later on."

His Fair-Weather Friends

IT seemed strange to me that day on the hill. The tall white tower that marks the Gilbert property seemed to be a giant finger upraised accusingly at the studios where the hero of "Flesh and the Devil" and "Bardelys, the Magnificent" and others had once flashed his exciting way. It seemed to be raising an accusing finger, too, at the people who had been wont to come and go freely in this house, intimate friends of Jack's who were most intimate when he was most celebrated. They were friends for whom he had done all of the things one very good friend does for another; he had paid their doctor bills when their babies were born and they were "embarrassed," listened to their problems and cares, wine them and dined them. They were friends, I happen to know, who advised Virginia not to return to the star who seemed to be falling. They may have forgotten, those "intimate" friends, that he who goes down can also go up again.

Jack said on that day, "I'd like to be sixty-seven instead of thirty-seven. It's horrible to feel that life is ended before it should have got into mid-stream. If I were thirty years older, my blood might be cooler; I would be less restless, more ready for the contemplative life, for sitting here on this hill watching the panorama in which I take no part. I'm not ready. I can't go."

And I thought, that day, that here was a prisoner of Hollywood who wanted nothing so little as his freedom; who loitered in his cell even after the turnkeys had, apparently, set him free. I should have known that on the morrow the lock would spring again and Jack would be exulting in the prison-house he likes better than all the reaches of the earth.

Still in Love with Virginia

HE spoke of his loneliness and of his divorce. He said, "There is no reasonable reason for Virginia and I being divorced. It's absurd, because I love Virginia—and Virginia says she still loves only me. I believed and I hoped that we were destined to live all of our lives together, creating a home, having more babies, growing old together. I'm sorrier about the loss of Virginia than I am about anything that has ever happened to me in my life before."

"It was my own fault, of course. I admit it. I was arrogant, nervous, overstrung. I said things I didn't mean to say, did things I didn't mean to do. I was sick over the way

I was playing my part in 'Christina.' I knew that I was giving a bad performance. I was working under terrific pressure. I felt the conditions around me to be unfriendly. The whole thing kept twisting in me like a knife. Perhaps I thought that she would understand. I forgot how young she is. I lost sight of the fact that, after all, who am I to suppose that I can go through life being arrogant and expecting people to 'understand'?

"Odd, too, that this should have happened to me just when it did. There was a diabolical timeliness about it. Because, for the first time in my life, I was becoming conscious of the fact that to put grease-paint on my face is a contributory part of life, but not all of it.

"I had reached the stage where I was thinking, 'Well, I may have to take it on the chin professionally—but, personally, I'm fixed all right and, so, I have everything.' I was beginning to develop a social consciousness, to realize fully my responsibility to my wife and child and to the community in which I live. I wanted to do so many things for the baby. I wanted to give her the kind of childhood I didn't have.

No Super-Friendship for Him

BUT it is over now and I shall not see Virginia again. I don't believe in Hollywood's super-friendly divorces. I mean, I don't hold with the couples who, after divorce, are seen holding hands, dining and dancing together, expressing their regard and admiration the one for the other. If others choose to behave so, it is their own business. It isn't my way. I love Virginia and I wanted her for my wife—or not at all.

"I am probably through with marriage. I don't care to become the Nat Goodwin of my time. I would feel ridiculous if I should start to court a girl again. I can't imagine any girl's taking me seriously. After a while it does become ridiculous."

I felt that day that it was all too bad. The screen seemed to me to be wilfully and deliberately discarding a flaming, exciting personality, a flashing hero whose shadow should be accelerating the pulse of all picture-goers. I felt that there was, or there should have been, a fine balance between Jack, that dark and eager man, and Virginia, the fair, calm-appearing girl.

I knew—never mind how! (there is always the "little birdie")—that Virginia still sent Jack flowers once or twice a week; that she sent him flowers the day their divorce was granted; that she still writes him notes signed "With all my love." I knew that she was telling people that she is in love with him, that there can never be another like him. I knew that she had called Jack the day their divorce went through and suggested that they go out together, celebrate, be friendly. Jack hadn't felt like celebrating. Does a man, he wanted to know, *celebrate* the loss of a lovely thing?

It is curious and paradoxical about Jack. For the truth is that the very qualities in him—the excitability, the ardors, the "temperament"—that made him tear the hearts of the public apart and will make him, now, tear them apart again, are also the very qualities that have brought him to grief.

But that was yesterday. To-day we have a star again. He will come back. And he will, undoubtedly, marry again. For that will be Tomorrow. He is young. He looks magnificent. He renews himself, in all ways, with the richness and completeness of a Phoenix rising, new-born, from the ashes and mistakes of Yesterday. There is never anything finished about Jack. He is the perpetual hero of To-day's Best Seller.

AT STUDIO, DINNER, DANCE OR BEACH

Jean HARLOW'S Beauty Is Always Fascinating

Would YOU Like to Share Her MAKE-UP SECRET?

"Born to be
Kissed"

M-G-M Production
starring
JEAN HARLOW
with
FRANCHOT TONE
Max Factor's Make-Up
Used Exclusively



POWDER... You will note the difference in the caressing smoothness. You will see a satin-smooth effect like the beauty you see flashed on the screen. You will marvel how naturally the color harmony enlivens the beauty of your skin. Max Factor's Face Powder, one dollar. **ROUGE...** You will see how beautifully a color tone in rouge can harmonize with your powder and complexion colorings. As you blend your rouge coloring, you'll note how soft and fine it is, like the most delicate skin-texture. Max Factor's Rouge, fifty cents. **LIPSTICK...** Super-Indelible, for lipstick must be lasting in Hollywood, and you, too, will find it permanent and uniform in color. It is moisture-proof, too...so that you may be sure of a perfect lip make-up that will last for hours and hours. Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick, one dollar.

JEAN HARLOW'S COLOR HARMONY MAKE-UP



Max Factor's Flesh Face Powder to blend with her fair skin



Max Factor's Flame Rouge to give a touch of harmonizing color



Max Factor's Super-Indelible Flame Lipstick to accent the lips

Max Factor
Hollywood
SOCIETY MAKE-UP

Face Powder, Rouge and Lipstick . . . in Color Harmony



IN Hollywood, a genius created a new kind of make-up for the screen stars, and now for you. It is color harmony make-up, originated by Max Factor.

Imagine color tones in face powder, rouge and lipstick so wonderful as to enhance the beauty of your favorite star. Think of the beauty they will bring to you.

Imagine make-up so lasting, so perfect as to withstand every test in Hollywood's motion picture and social life. Think how your make-up will be solved.

Now you may share Hollywood's make-up secret. You will find Max Factor's face powder, rouge and lipstick in color harmony for your type, at all stores.



Test YOUR Color Harmony in Face Powder and Lipstick

Just fill in the coupon for Purse-Size Box of Powder in your color harmony shade and Lipstick Color Sampler, four shades. Enclose 10c for postage and handling. You will also receive your Color Harmony Make-Up Chart and a 48-page illustrated book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up"... Free. 3-9-83

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COMPLEXIONS	EYES	HAIR
Very Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Blue <input type="checkbox"/>	BLONDE
Fair <input type="checkbox"/>	Gray <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Creamy <input type="checkbox"/>	Green <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWNETTE
Medium <input type="checkbox"/>	Hazel <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Ruddy <input type="checkbox"/>	Brown <input type="checkbox"/>	BRUNETTE
Sallow <input type="checkbox"/>	Black <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Freckled <input type="checkbox"/>	LASHES (Color) <input type="checkbox"/>	REDHEAD
Olive <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
SKIN Dry <input type="checkbox"/>	Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	If Hair is Gray, check type above and here <input type="checkbox"/>
Oily <input type="checkbox"/> Normal <input type="checkbox"/>	AGE <input type="checkbox"/>	

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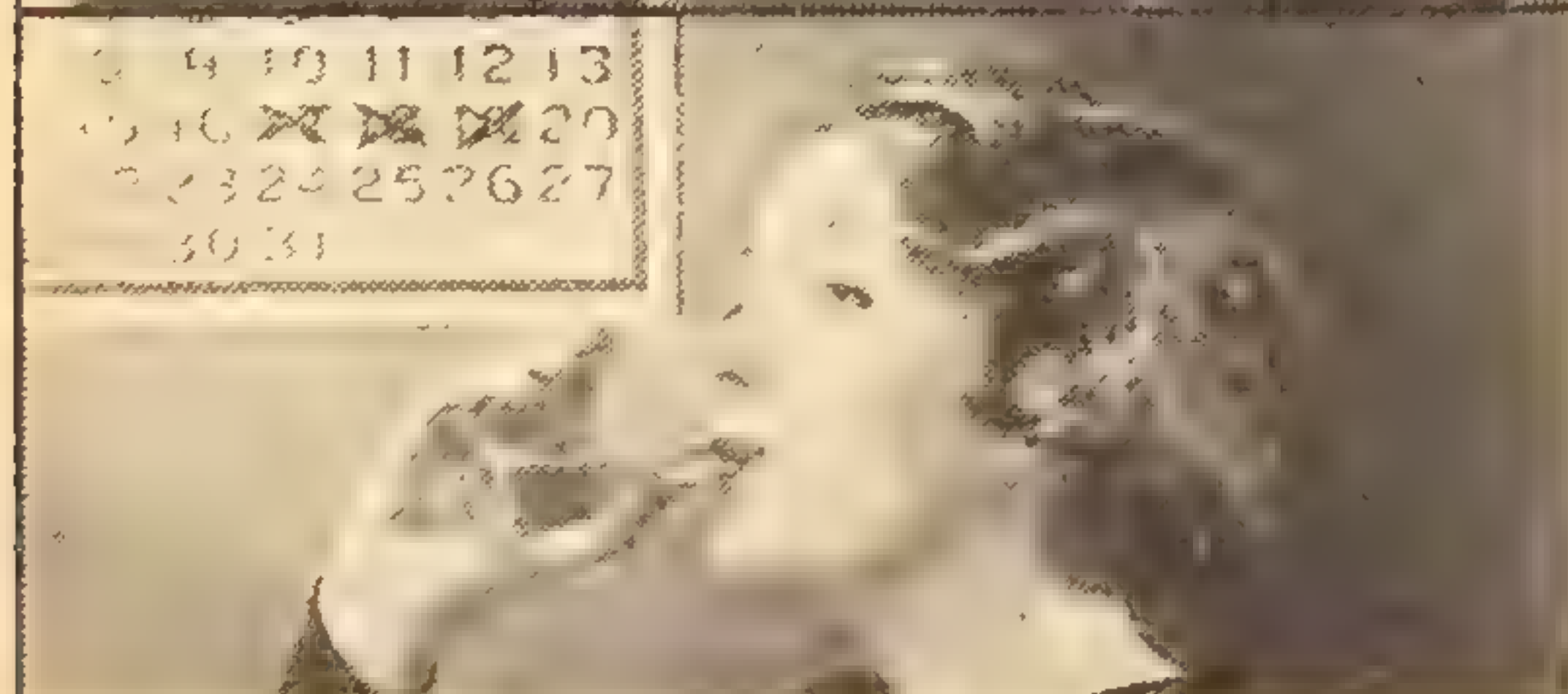
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A LESSON IN COMFORT

HOW SMART WOMEN
ESCAPE PERIODIC PAIN



"NONSENSE RUTH!
I'LL TELL YOU
WHAT TO DO."



Ruth takes Midol in time and avoids the expected menstrual pain entirely.

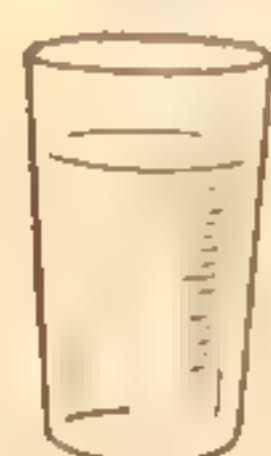


Midol saves the day! Even for the girl whose menstruating periods have always meant agony. Not a narcotic.



MIDOL

Takes Pain
Off the Calendar



How Movie Stars Keep Young

(Continued from page 25)

creams to supply deficient oil gland secretions. Exercise, a wholesome diet—these two things tend to stimulate circulation, tighten muscles. Pay attention to these particulars, whether you are twenty or forty, and you have the tell-tale signs of old age under control.

Although complexion may be important in the game of defeating the visible signs of old age, the corset and brassiere makers are convinced that it is the torso that betrays a woman's years. With this belief in mind, Hollywood merchants pay particular attention to their lingerie departments. One exclusive Hollywood shop imported Miss Beverly Bouvet from New York to instruct the ladies of the cinema (and others) in the mysteries of abdominal support.

Reduces and Builds Up

WONG-FITTING corsets can make a woman look like her grandmother, says Miss Bouvet, and further adds that she has actually reduced waistlines and demon hip-lines from two to three inches by correctly encasing the figure. Flabby, fallen bosoms are Miss Bouvet's specialty.

"The boyish-figure craze did more to ruin the American woman's figure, than any other fad you can name," she told me. "It did more to age young girls, too. Girls of twenty come to me now with their breast tissues broken down so that their bosoms, which should be firm and solid, look as old as a forty-year-old's."

"Of course, I also serve the matron, and for each type—the young girl whose upper figure has been ruined by tight binding in an effort to flatten her natural curves, and her mother—I recommend special 'uplift' brassieres."

Made of double satin or French batiste or Alençon lace, fitted to your figure, these spherical containers with the deep indentation between the breasts, the elastic strap at the back, are less a luxury than a downright inspiration. They tend to develop the wasted muscles. The flabby, bound mass of flesh that marks maturity gives way to a small waistline, curved hips and bosom. Ten years are dropped from the body's appearance.

With Hollywood's plastic surgeons (Doctors Rea Proctor McGee, Josif Ginsburg, H. O. Barnes, W. E. Balsinger, et al.), the question of combating old age is entirely scientific. Their battle is taken far deeper than the skin.

"Every portion of the human body has distinct and necessary functions to perform," says Dr. Rea Proctor McGee. "It is utterly impossible to maintain appearance without maintaining function and so it becomes equally necessary to restore function if you intend to restore the appearance that has, from any cause, become impaired."

Preserves Their Usefulness

DR. MCGEE may perform miracles with sagging chins and misshapen noses, but when he restores youth to an aging face, he is doing it not to gratify a patient's vanity, so much as to give that person a chance to use, until the day of his death, the experience that he has acquired in life. It is merciful to bring to normal the cleft-palate of an infant, yes, but how does the surgeon know that the child will reflect honor and respect upon his parents when he reaches maturity? It is as gratifying to the plastic surgeon to restore function and youthful appearance to someone whose success is assured. Such is the case of the motion picture star.

Behind closed doors and on white operat-

ing tables under carefully sterilized hands, the motion picture people have latter-day miracles performed on them. New eyelids, all satiny, to replace crinkled ones. (The hairless skin for eyelids is grafted from beneath the upper arm.) Face "lifts"—six different types. And not the Continental type that uses a tuck at the temples and distorts the shape of the eye, but a "pull back" method that restores the natural contour of the face.

There are side face "lifts"—small incisions, which are later rendered invisible. The forehead "lift." The eyelid "lift." The neck "lift"—that's made horizontally across the nape of the neck, and its effect is so far-reaching that it elevates the breasts. The chin "lift." The breast "lift." "Lifts" and other operations (enlarging the eyes, remodeling the nose, trimming uneven ears, et cetera) may be done in the office under a local (novocaine) anesthetic.

Dr. McGee, illustrator, painter, novelist, editor, who handled A.E.F. and British plastic surgery work during the War under special assignment by General Pershing (and won a colonelcy for it), agrees that the "boyish form craze" played havoc with the American woman's figure.

Most Amazing Operation of All

MOST amazing of all plastic operations, and one which makes an ingénue of any grandmother, is the re-arching of the neck. Dr. McGee calls it his "dewlap" operation. All the flaccid skin that forms double chins can be removed with his deft scalpel. You would be amazed if I mentioned the name of the once well-known actress who was having her "dewlap" removed, her eyelids made over and her face lifted by this doctor's wizardry. Her reward was a stage contract, and his the fact that he had returned her to her professional usefulness.

Helen Clark prevents baldness, grows hair, keeps hair looking young. So do the Barnetts, Harpers, Patteneaudes, and others. Cleanliness, inside and out, is Miss Clark's tenet, and for that reason filmsters Reginald Denny, Fanchot Tone, Lincoln Stedman, Johnny Hines, George E. Stone, Joe E. Brown, John Beal, Conrad Nagel, David Manners, Jack Holt, Walter Byron, Joel McCrea, Paulette Goddard, Mae West, Joan Marsh and Polly Moran, among others, spend an hour and one-half or longer, once a week or oftener, under the physio-therapy lamps of her establishment.

Miss Clark's formulas, like Rubinstein's, are her own, but the pungent aroma of oil of pine is thick in the Clark suite. Every bit of dandruff is removed from her celebrated scalps before each washing, and little electricity is used for drying the hair. After that, brisk brushing with a boar's bristle brush.

If you are worried about becoming bald, here is news. Film performers, swimmers, golfers and beach enthusiasts run the greatest risk of baldness. The strong lights are bad for cinema heads, the strong sun for swimmers, golfers, beachers. If you want to protect your hair, says Miss Clark, wear a head covering that has green in it. Green is Mother Nature's protective coloring (didn't she make the leaves green?) and it's great for diffusing the bright, harsh, aging rays of the sun.

The Sun Cure

THE sun, however, is what Pat O'Dea, of the Apollo Health Club, recommends. "Forty-five minutes a day for health" is what he asks of his members, and in return

he gives them mineral oil and alcohol rubs, electric cabinet baths, needle showers, physical instructions, calisthenics, therapy lights, weight reduction, body-building, nude sun-bathing, open-air handball games, and a complete health examination by Hollywood's own Dr. Harry Martin (husband of Louella Parsons) and his staff of seven assistants.

"Neglect of the body is treason to the mind," says Mr. O'Dea. And lest they be traitors to themselves, filmsters Sidney Blackmer, Walter Connolly, Donald Cook, Donald Dilloway, William Gargan, Harry Green, Allan Jenkins, Paul Kelly, George Meeker, Frank McHugh, Alan Mowbray, Jack Oakie, Pat O'Brien, George Raft, Charles Starrett, George E. Stone, Gordon Westcott and Ben Bard, have joined his club. It's the best way, they feel, to retain that youthful look of vitality that goes so well with the matinee girls and the box office.

After thirty, rules Mr. O'Dea, a man must not overdo. He must exercise only until he is tired, then stop and rest. If Dr. Martin's chart shows that the member should play only two games of handball, and he attempts three in succession, one of the attendants interferes. It's like the army. Members obey rules.

Now you know of the intensive battle, day and night, that is being waged against the March of Time in Hollywood. Nowhere else in the world, perhaps, is the battle so intense, and are the results, if you allow Old Age to catch up with you, so pitiful.

There is no beauty, to Hollywood, in the Browning lines: "Grow old along with me! The best is yet to be, The last of life, for which the first was made . . ." In Hollywood, there must be no Old Age. No one can afford it.



No wonder Ann Sothorn has topped the ladder to stardom—with underpinnings like these. The silken glove doesn't hold a candle to the silken—ahem—ankle!

Pert new Hair Styles from Hollywood Hits

Easy to copy if your hair
is not TOO DRY or TOO OILY



Both dignified and glamorous is this coiffure designed for a mysterious lady who is every inch a princess! Can you imagine making that whimsically curled bang out of oily, stringy locks? If your hair is too oily, treat it with the Packer's *Pine Tar Shampoo* described below.



This sleek-soft coiffure was selected by an important star playing the role of a most intriguing lady. The turned-up curls must snuggle close to the head. Don't attempt them with harsh, fly-away hair. For too-dry hair, use Packer's *Olive Oil Shampoo* treatment (below).

To correct OILY hair:

If your hair is too oily, the oil glands in your scalp are over-active. Use Packer's *Pine Tar Shampoo*—it is made especially for oily hair. This shampoo is gently astringent. It tends to tighten up and so to normalize the relaxed oil glands.

It's quick, easy and can be used with absolute safety to your hair. Use Packer's *Pine Tar Shampoo* every four or five days at first if necessary, until your hair begins to show a natural softness and fluffiness. Begin this evening with Packer's *Pine Tar Shampoo* to get your hair in lovely condition. Its makers have been specialists in the care of the hair for over 60 years.

PACKER'S
PINE TAR SHAMPOO
for OILY hair



Help for DRY hair:

Don't put up with dry, lifeless, burnt-out looking hair. And don't—oh, don't—use a soap or shampoo on your hair which is harsh and drying. Packer's *Olive Oil Shampoo* is made especially for dry hair. It is a gentle "emollient" shampoo made of pure olive oil. In addition, it contains soothing, softening glycerine which helps to make your hair silkier and more manageable.

No harmful harshness in Packer Shampoos. Both are made by the Packer Company, makers of Packer's Tar Soap. Get Packer's *Olive Oil Shampoo* today and begin to make each cleansing a scientific home treatment for your hair.

PACKER'S
OLIVE OIL SHAMPOO
for DRY hair



"WE GUARD OUR FEET as a concert pianist guards his hands"



● Lysette Darsonval, Première Danseuse of the Lifar Russian Ballet, won the "Prize of Honor" at the International European Dance contest, as the best woman classic dancer of the world.

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Getting the Lowdown on These New Heroes

(Continued from page 37)

his teeth into character parts, and has had stock and high-school stage experience. When I asked if he was susceptible to his leading women, he laughed and said, "I'm a married man." He saves as much money as he can, but working in films is expensive; he doesn't walk under ladders if he can help it, but a black cat crossing his path always brings good luck. He asks others about a decision because he believes "two heads are better than one and I have made so many mistakes"; he wants to be a featured player without stardom, and he likes his work better than anything else in the world.

Taylor played *Rip* in "Double Door," a part that taxed his ability to the utmost because of the fact that his lines were the weakest ever given to a weak character, and Taylor, himself, is an exceedingly strong person. You will see him next as *Bob Redding* in "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch."

John Started Where Ann Did

I WAS introduced to John Beal on the set of "A Hat, a Coat, a Glove," in which he plays young *Hutchins*. "Excuse me," he said as director Tony Miner called, "I have to do a little acting," and thereafter he sprinted around like a madman between me and the camera, and succeeded in answering the thirteen questions in two hours flat.

Beal is slight, earnest and ambitious, is already well-known on the New York stage, and made his screen debut as Helen Hayes' would-be lover in "Another Language." He is twenty-four, was born in Joplin, Missouri, and is single. Would he marry an actress? "It would depend." He wouldn't elaborate on that answer. He graduated from the University of Pennsylvania; goes back to New York every Fall for stage work, and is an illustrator besides. He likes all parts and never wants to be typed; went on the stage at the age of twenty with the Hedgerow Repertory Theatre (Ann Harding's dramatic springboard); said, "I would rather not answer that one," when asked if he were susceptible; saves what money he can; carries a little white elephant in his bill-fold. He always asks others about decisions, but obeys his own hunch; wants to be a very fine actor, a good artist, and a well-rounded person. When I read the last question to him, he said, "Shall I gag this one? I might as well lighten up the deep stuff. I like onions and sauerkraut best." Which left me hungry, but I confess, unimpressed.

Guy Brooks—an entirely pleasant young man, tall, handsome and likable—is thirty, single, and hails from Fresno, California. He would not marry an actress because two people can't have the same career, and marriage in Hollywood is impossible (he thinks) for the reason that all paths lead away from the home and husband and wife drift apart. He has always planned to be a screen actor, starting eleven years ago to collect experience as prop boy with Gilmore Brown in Pasadena. After leaving this little theatre, he toured with an opera company, was road manager for a Fanchon and Marco unit, and after two years' struggle, achieved two colossal flops in New York. He then returned to Hollywood and appeared in a show put on by Ginger Rogers' mother, in which he was discovered by film scouts.

Guy Wants Character Roles

HE is not sorry he didn't continue in college. If he could no longer act, he holds a union card as a stage hand. He prefers character leads because "you have a chance of being more outstanding. In fact, you can positively spread yourself with

laurels. There are very few straight romantic leads left, anyway. Things have changed, and audiences no longer (lucky for me) are interested in the merely good-looking romantic star without any character."

He is not susceptible to the women he plays with; is not superstitious, and pays bills with his money. Although he disapproves of one individual's being controlled by another, he does ask older persons' advice and tries to strike a happy medium. His ultimate goal is retirement and travel. He likes harmony better than anything else in the world. You saw Brooks (real name, Earl Eby) in "Cross-Country Cruise" and "Finishing School," and he is now playing in "Romance in the Rain."

Frank Lawton, who has the longest lashes ever seen on human eyes, met me in the commissary at Universal, his face, hair, hands and clothes dotted into a rash by whitewash paint. They had been shooting a scene all morning in which he had to paint a ceiling. Underneath the paint, he looked like a nice, clean, good-natured English boy—which is just what he is. He has had the unique experience of playing in two American films, in one of which, "Cavalcade," he played Diana Wynyard's son, and in the other, "One More River," on which they are now working (and in which he got the paint), her lover. Which proves a versatility belonging, obviously, to both of them. In between a Manhattan cocktail, chicken consommé, roast beef, and rice pudding, I contentedly elicited from him the following:

Frank is Semi-Susceptible

HE is twenty-nine, a Londoner by birth, and single. He would marry an actress, but is afraid that it would demand an awful lot of unselfishness; he is not sorry that he did not continue in college as "it is more valuable to be learning your job on the stage"; character leads are the most interesting; he went on the stage in London at the age of nineteen, and is "inclined to be susceptible" to the women he plays with. He says he pays his income tax with the money he earns; he won't defy any general superstition; and sometimes asks others, if the decision is ticklish. His ultimate goal is to succeed at his job, and his answer to the last question—what does he like better than anything else in the world?—is heartwarming. He likes best the company of good friends. I shall remember him for his physical slowness and his mental robustness.

Roger Pryor prefaced every one of his answers with a hesitant, but booming "Well . . . ?" that carried with it an introspective inquiry and a great desire to be honest and spontaneous with his answers. He is twenty-nine and a native New Yorker; was a married man the day I saw him, but was afraid he would be an "ex" by the time this story comes out. He claims that he is not qualified to say why marriages fail in Hollywood as he has been here such a short time, but positively will not marry again. (There are rumors that Ann Sothorn will be the next Mrs. Pryor.) He is glad that times have changed so that "a fellow with a face like mine has a chance in the movies."

He never went to college. If he could no longer act, he would turn to music (his father is Arthur Pryor, the band leader), playing almost all musical instruments. "I'm a sort of Jack-of-all-musical-trades." Character rôles intrigue him, as he "is not the Adonis type and can get by in that stuff in spite of his face." He played in repertory

for five years—one part at the matinée and a different one in the evening—and then had eight years on the New York stage. He is definitely *not* susceptible to the women he plays with; buys annuities with his money, and believes that thirteen is his best number. He is impulsive, relying solely on his snap judgment because after he gives a subject considerable thought he finds himself see-sawing. His ultimate goal is world travel, and he likes best, inasmuch as food is the most important item of life, a good dish of spaghetti. You saw him in "Moonlight and Pretzels," "I Like It That Way," "I'll Tell the World" and with Mae West in "That St. Louis Woman." He is now beginning "Romance in the Rain."

Phil Wants to Go to Oxford

PHILIP ("GLAMOUR") REED is Warners' big bet, and, from your side of the footlights, a pretty safe bet. Single, born in New York City, and only twenty-six, he is one of the most charming young men on the screen to-day. His apparent sincerity, his youthful eagerness and aliveness, are accentuated by one of the most beautiful speaking voices I have ever heard. Well, what if I did spin out the interview a little longer than necessary . . . ?

In spite of the fact that he believes that a Hollywood marriage is not probable—only thinly possible—he would certainly marry an actress if he fell in love with one; and his answer to the "susceptible" question—"I'm human!"—suggests that developments might develop any day. He went to Cornell Agricultural College and is so sorry that he didn't graduate that he is going to study English literature at Oxford when he can find the time. In 1927 he stepped his first step on a stage, going into a stock company at ten dollars a week as a majordomo. The next week he had a speaking line and got fifteen dollars. He saves what money he can and spends quite a bit on his studies.

"It helps to be superstitious," he told me. "It's helpful to say, 'Now that's a lucky number and I can't go wrong.' Then if anything does go wrong, you can blame it on the superstition and keep your ego intact." He asks others about decisions if he thinks they might know, and then follows his own ideas; and he wants, as his ultimate goal, success and enough money to live on the income, leisure to travel and to do what he wants to do. He likes his mother better than anything else in the world. His next picture will be "Romance in the Rain." His real name is Milton LeRoy. My impression of him is: charm, plus padded shoulders.

Don Has Played 250 Rôles

ANOTHER big bet at Warners is Donald Woods, who resembles Fredric March. He has been loaned to Fox to play in "She Was a Lady," with Helen Twelvetrees.

Woods was born in Brandon, Manitoba, Canada, is twenty-seven, and is married to a non-professional. If he were not married, he would marry an actress if they both had enough self-confidence to keep their respective egos in their place. He didn't finish college and feels a certain lack of background, but is grateful for his theatrical training. He plays romantic leads, but likes character work; has played about two hundred and fifty rôles on the stage in stock and Little Theatres; must know and like his leading women to be able to play effectively with them, but inasmuch as he is entirely wrapped up in his wife and two-year-old son, he can't get emotionally excited about them; supports his family and puts a certain amount aside each week for his son; is not superstitious and "gleans the news" in the papers. He always asks others about decisions. He aims to save enough money to buy books, to travel and to maintain a comfortable home in Hollywood for the rest of his life. He likes his family

(Continued on page 69)



7 stains dim many a Gorgeous Smile ... ARE THEY SPOILING YOURS?

DID you ever notice this about the girls that men admire? They aren't always beautiful. Their features may be plain. But the minute they turn on a glorious smile—they're simply fascinating!

The secret of those million-dollar smiles? This one is very important—*sparkling, white teeth!* This is the secret that counts most.

Remember this—dull, discolored teeth are only stained teeth . . .

That's why it's so important to remove, completely, all the seven kinds of stains that everything we eat and drink and smoke leaves on our teeth.

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So all you have to do to have whiter teeth and enjoy a brighter smile, is to get a tube of Colgate's today—use it regularly.

If you prefer powder, Colgate's Dental Powder gives the same amazing results . . . sells at the same low prices.

DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK
if one tube of Colgate's doesn't
make your teeth whiter

If, after using one full tube, you're not satisfied that Colgate's has made your teeth whiter . . . send empty tube to Colgate's, Jersey City, N.J., and twice what you spent for the toothpaste, plus postage, will be returned to you.

LARGE TUBE NOW 20c

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Science classifies the hundreds of food stains into these 7 major groups—1. Meats and other proteins. 2. Cereals and other starchy foods. 3. Vegetables. 4. Sweets. 5. Fruits. 6. Beverages. 7. Tobacco smoke.

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to adventure*

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Choose your most suitable shade of TATTOO by actually testing all four at the Tattoo Color Selector displayed at all smart toilet goods counters. TATTOO FOR LIPS is \$1.

TATTOO ROUGE (for Lips and Cheeks) . . . 75c



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A miniature size of TATTOO (LIPSTICK) contained in a clever black and silver case, will be sent upon receipt of the coupon below together with 10c to cover postage and packing. Tattoo your lips!

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TATTOO

Why Small-Town Girls Have More Glamour

(Continued from page 27)

instance, and when we had another contest, between the Dallas champion and myself, all my neighbors and friends came to cheer for me. If I hadn't been buoyed up by their enthusiasm, I probably wouldn't have won, and if I hadn't won I couldn't have gone into vaudeville, and if I hadn't gone into vaudeville—"

Miss Rogers, looking fresh and lovely as if she had just come off a farm, paused for breath.

"An attractive girl in a small town—the town belle—is a pretty important person in the community. This gives her confidence and poise, and materially adds to her appeal to men. She has lots of beaux, and learns how to handle them. In a city, she'd be just another cute girl in a million.

"Small-town girls also have simpler likes and tastes, even though they do say radios and automobiles have changed all that. They're more naïve and appreciative of favors. A corsage is a real treat, and a dinner invitation means something. No matter what people tell you is the secret of glamour at the moment, a small-town girl's freshness and enthusiasm will attract ninety men out of a hundred, any time!" And as Ginger is one of Hollywood's most popular belles (for Hollywood, itself, is just an overgrown small town!), she ought to know what she's talking about.

Town Drove Her to Acting

AND even if you aren't popular in your little community, Hollywood has an argument to prove that you're better off than if you lived in a city like New York or Chicago. Jean Muir hated the small town she comes from (Ridgewood, New Jersey), and feels she was badly treated there.

"I was rather gawky, I had big feet, and the girls and fellows snubbed me. I've been to dances many times and sat all alone in a corner."

This made Jean develop the rare quality that puts her over on the screen—that gentle sweetness and understanding. In a city she might have found solace in theatres, lectures, or some form of amusement or study. In the little town she was driven into herself, and as a defense reaction, she decided she'd go to Hollywood, and show them!

"I also think country girls develop more naturally," Jean adds. "They aren't such slaves to fads and fashions. They don't mimic the current styles as city girls do. I don't mean just styles in clothes, but in personality, looks, and conversation. Country girls are freer—they're not so apt to be typed. And it is the fresh, new faces—with something different about them—that Hollywood is looking for."

These aren't the only reasons offered for the present search for bucolic types, by any means. A well-known director offers the information that a small-town girl entertains more in her own home than the city girl (who relies on public restaurants and hotels), and consequently she has more poise and makes a better hostess. On the screen, he adds, this is important!

Why Men Prefer Them

AND a popular leading man explains that since small-town girls are guarded from associations with men more religiously than their city sisters—guarded by gossip, if nothing else—they are more apt to be thrilled by male companionship. A metropolitan lass is apt to disappoint a man by offering hail-fellow-well-met camaraderie, instead of the blushful innocence he is seeking.

Maybe one of these reasons is why Toby Wing (Richmond, Virginia) is one of Hollywood's most sought-after *femmes*, why Isabel Jewell (Shoshoni, Wyoming) has captured the popular Lee Tracy, and why Dorothy Dell (Hattiesburg, Mississippi—Roscoe Ates' home-town) was one of our most promising newcomers, before her tragic death in an automobile accident. Ruby Keeler (Halifax, Nova Scotia), Heather Angel (Oxford, England), Adrienne Ames (Fort Worth, Texas), Dorothy Jordan (Clarksville, Tennessee), Frances Dee (Garvanza, California), Raquel Torres (Hermosilla, Mexico), Maureen O'Sullivan (Boyle, Ireland), Peggy Shannon (Pine Bluff, Arkansas) and Merna Kennedy (Kankakee, Illinois) are some more small-townners.

And the potency of a small-town background isn't confined to the feminine sex, apparently. The three greatest screen lovers to date all got their start in half-way rustic settings. Rudolph Valentino came from the small town of Castellaneta, Italy; John Gilbert is from Logan, Utah; and Clark Gable was born in Cadiz, Ohio. Other masculine favorites of today who got away to "small" beginnings are Robert Montgomery (Beacon, New York), Dick Powell (Mt. View, Arkansas), Richard Arlen (Charlottesville, Virginia), Gary Cooper (Helena, Montana), Johnny Weissmuller (Wimber, Pennsylvania), Franchot Tone (Niagara Falls, New York), John Boles (Greenville, Texas), Charles Farrell (East Walpole, Massachusetts), Harold Lloyd (Burchard, Nebraska), Bing Crosby (Tacoma, Washington), Fredric March (Racine, Wisconsin) and last, but far from least, Max Baer (Livermore, California). Plenty of other small-town boys have made good in the movies—and have married small-town girls.

Yes, Hollywood has gone small town in a big way. Even a large percentage of the current crop of Wampas Baby Stars started their careers in little hamlets. In the writing, directing and the technical side of pictures, the proportion is even higher. Whatever a small-townner wants to do in Hollywood, the screen offers an opportunity. Once people thought the term "hick" an insult, but now it's a compliment—and how!



Raquel Torres, one of Hollywood's most glamorous girls, hails from Hermosilla, Mexico

Getting the Lowdown on These New Heroes

(Continued from page 67)

better than anything else in the world.

William Henry, a sleepy-eyed, tousle-headed youngster of nineteen and as engaging a fellow as ever had a grin from ear to ear, rushed off the boat on which he lives, shook my hand feebly in the publicity office, announced weakly that he was hungry, and dragged me off to the commissary where he answered the questions, after re-fueling, with much vim and vigor. He lives on the boat from choice, with a Chinaman and a German, although he has an apartment in Hollywood. He verges on the fanatic about water, and has all the earmarks of being a first-class vagabond.

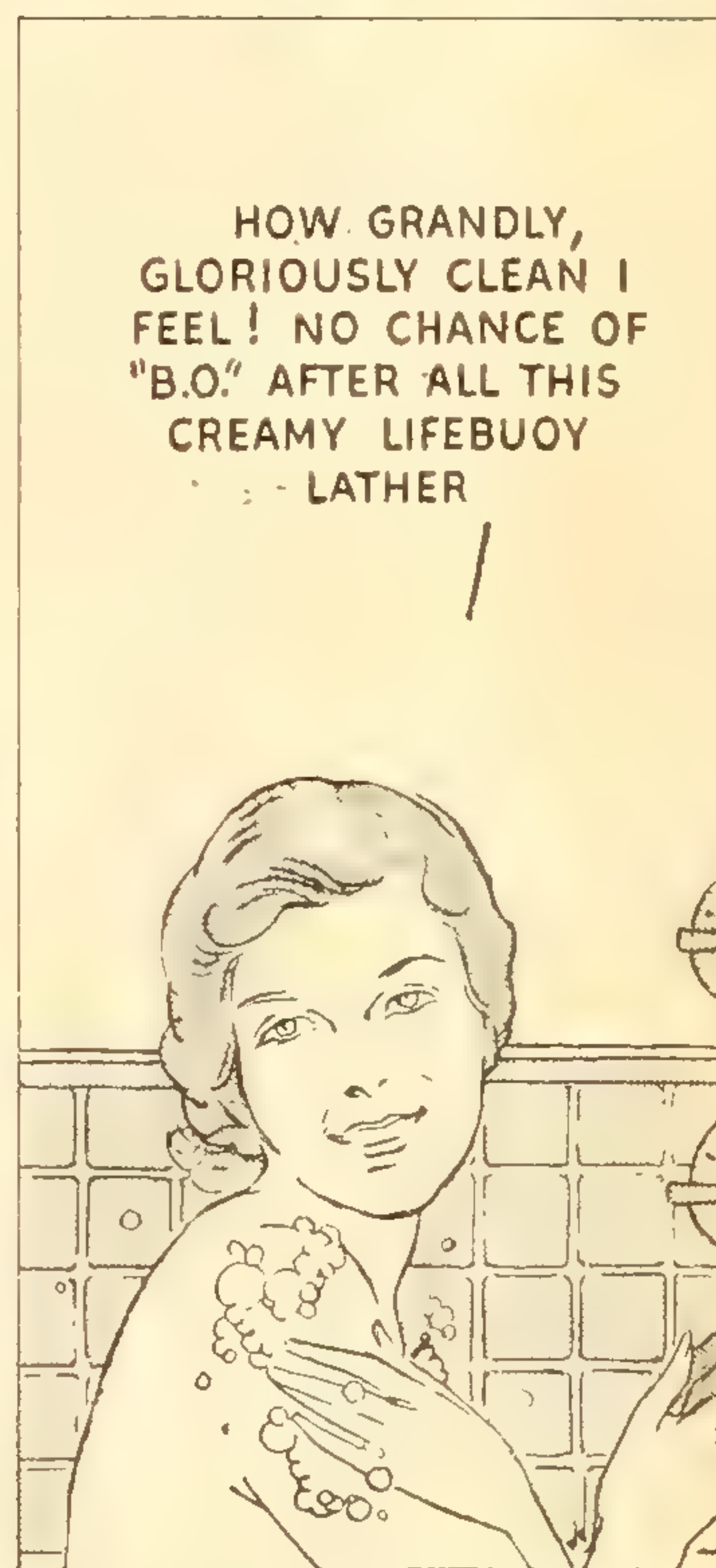
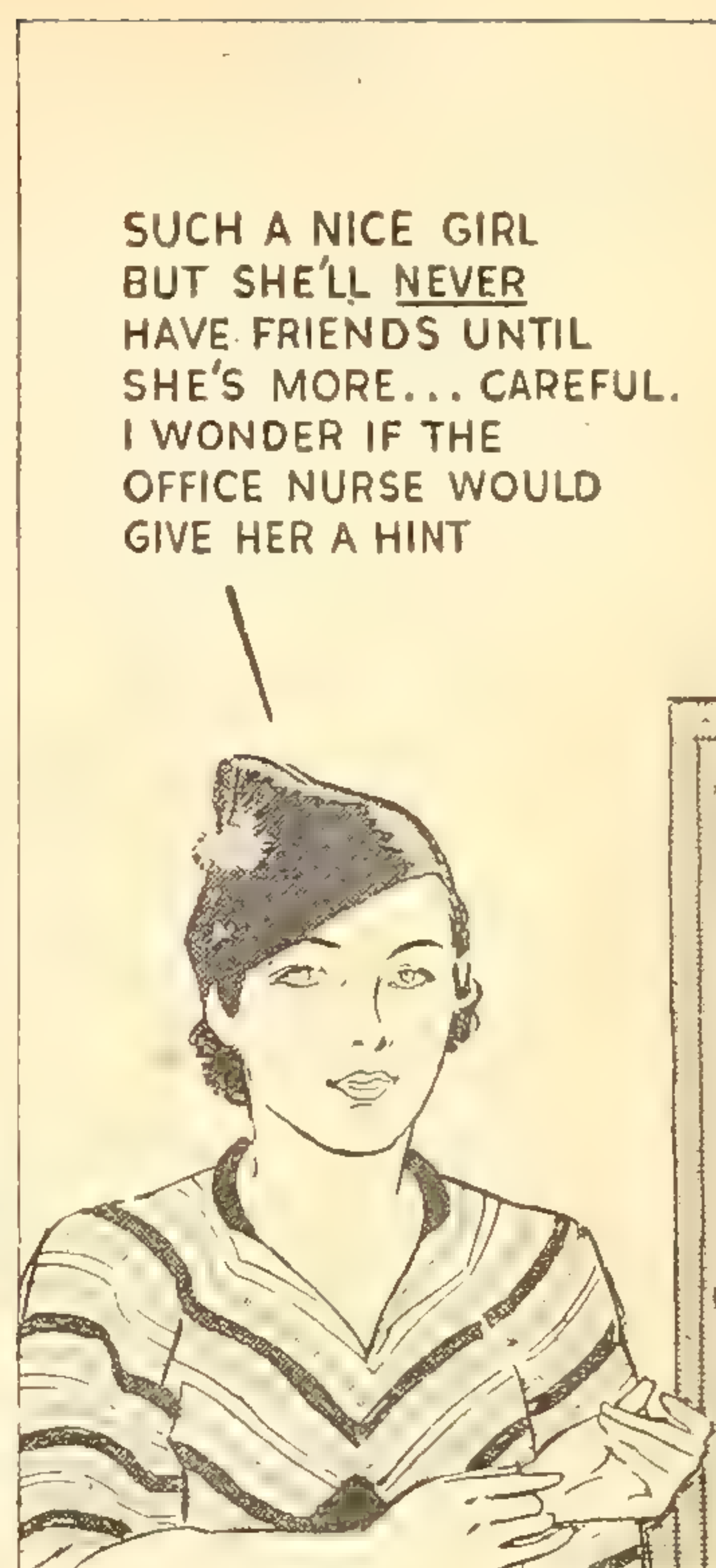
Half-Sorry He Left College

BORN in Los Angeles, single, he "couldn't say" whether or not he would marry an actress, and thinks that happy marriages haven't much of a chance in Hollywood. He is sorry in a way that he didn't continue in college and makes up for it by studying every day. If his career came to an end, he would hop on a boat and go to Honolulu to join the Little Theatre there; he wants character work—no wishy-washy stuff for him; he learned everything about the theatre in Gilmore Brown's Pasadena house, where he sewed costumes, painted scenery, directed and acted. When he was eight years old, he played in silent films.

A little while ago he was drafted at a day's notice into being master of ceremonies for some musical show that "opened and closed in one night," giving, however, a film scout time to see, sign and send him out to Hollywood three days later. He is "too young to get mixed up" with the women he plays with—and has to work too hard; he buys books and records with the money he earns; is respectful to "theatrical superstitions that work"; and asks his mother about any decision. His goal is to be a good actor, and he likes the business he is in better than anything. He was *Gilbert* in "The Thin Man." This lad is the youngest and most individual of the crop.

Full of the ham and eggs, I next saw Henry Wadsworth, twenty-seven, born in Maysville, Kentucky, and single. He would marry an actress if he fell in love with her, but thinks marriage in Hollywood would be difficult. He graduated from the University of Kentucky, and from the Carnegie Institute of Technology. If his film career came to an end, he would go right back on the stage; and if he couldn't act, he would direct. Character parts are more interesting than romantic, and his preparation for movie-acting includes one hundred and fifty weeks in stock, five New York shows, one-night stands under canvas, and every other wrinkle of the theatrical business.

In answer to the "susceptible" question he replied that it was primarily a matter of business, but there were always exceptions. He budgets his money; used to be superstitious, but overcame it by a philosophy he developed for himself, and very seldom asks others before he makes a decision. His ultimate goal is to be a great actor, with technique blended with inspiration. He added that there are good, fine and great actors and that there is no excuse for an in-between. He has lawyers on one side of his family and preachers on the other, with Lee grandfather a Congressman—all of them gave him his taste for the theatre. As much as "lawyers and preachers are the best actors in the world." His pictures are *his Side of Heaven*, "The Show-Off," *Hyperator 13*, and "The Thin Man." He is quietly sure of himself and where he is going, though totally lacking in conceit.



Old as ANCIENT EGYPT New as MODERN PARIS



alluring eye make-up

History records that Cleopatra's greatest charm was the deep, dark beauty of her commanding eyes . . . eyes that were mirrored pools, their brilliant depths subtly enhanced with beautifully accented lashes.

Yet, with all her wealth and power, Cleopatra had only the crudest materials . . . How she would have revelled in having smooth, delightful Maybelline . . . the non-smarting, tear-proof, utterly harmless mascara with which modern women instantly darken their lashes to the appearance of long, sweeping luxuriance. Nothing from Paris can rival it! Maybelline's use by millions of women for over sixteen years recommends it to you!

Maybelline is now presented in a new ultra smart gold and scarlet metal case . . . in Black, Brown and the NEW BLUE. Still 75c at all leading toilet goods dealers.

MAYBELLINE, CHICAGO

Maybelline



THE APPROVED MASCARA

They Write the Songs the Movies Bring You

(Continued from page 33)

hours later, Mack grabbed his hat and rushed for the door. "Got to catch a train," was his parting shot.

Just when a song was coming up, the big boy beat it and didn't say where he was going. Upon making inquiry, Harry learned that Mack was playing a vaudeville date in Utica and next morning found him boarding the first train out. During Mack's stay at the theatre, they turned out nineteen songs—among them, "Help Yourself to Happiness"—and clicked from the start.

Mack could not work without a cigar in his face and the three old half-dollars that his mother once gave him jingling in his jeans. He would not lose these for all the rice in China. When he begins to worry these coins around, another song like "Love Thy Neighbor" is coming on. Gordon has the non-stop, daytime record for sleeping. He always takes a 'plane from Coast to Coast so that he can sleep. On a trip in early Spring, he took off from California in a Palm Beach suit and arrived in New York with a snowstorm going full blast. Mack is married and lives with his wife and two children in a swell-looking house next to Jimmy Cagney. Harry has not yet been hooked but supports his mother and father on the Coast. The boys are clever. You'll be singing them.

He Gave You "Jungle Fever"

WALTER DONALDSON is another ace tuner. He turned out "Riptide" for Norma Shearer's picture, "Jungle Fever," "Once in a Lifetime" and "Sleepy Head" for "Operator 13," and "Dancing in the Moonlight" and "I've Had My Moments" for "Hollywood Party." Walt is also making music for Eddie Cantor's new picture, "Kid Millions." He is one of those golf hounds and gets nearly all of his ideas out on the course. What a life! But he seems to thrive on it.

Donaldson usually works with Gus Kahn, a veteran lyric writer. Gus is a free-lance. He likes to gag—and how—and can write as good a novelty song as a sweet ballad. His wife, Grace Leboy, can also turn a few tricks at a tune. Gus has written some songs for "Caravan" and is now writing some for the new Joe Cook picture, "Fun on the Air."

Lew Brown, after quitting the triumvirate of DeSylva, Brown and Henderson—the boys are not speaking now—has been going it solo. Lew is an extra-handy man at what-have-you. He can write the book of a revue, as well as the songs, and act as producer. Coming to Hollywood in 1930, he helped produce "Sunny Side Up," "Just Imagine," "Indiscreet" and lately "Stand Up and Cheer" with Warner Baxter. Lew is short, dark and very nervous. Most of his tunes come to him while strumming a guitar.

Recall the gorgeous music all the way through "Flying Down to Rio," especially "Carioca"? Vincent Youmans takes that bow. He carries on the melodic tradition of Victor Herbert. Vince first jumped to popularity with such Broadway productions as "Wildflower," "Hit the Deck," and "No, No, Nanette," from which emerged that tantalizing "Tea for Two." He's a likable chap, a kid in many ways. And when you get him started, boy, what music he can write!

That song, "All I Do is Dream of You," in "Sadie McKee," which popped up suddenly, is the work of Nacio Herb Brown and Art Freed. These boys have also done "Hot Chocolate Soldiers" from "Hollywood Party" and others. Brown—who wrote the first big movie song hit, "Singin' in the Rain"—has a beautiful apartment in Hollywood overlooking Beverly Hills and some of his parties are getting to be the talk. Arthur Freed has a summer place at Malibu



Bill Jason (left) and Val Burton (right) well-known song-writers, are shown telling girls how some of the songs they wrote for "Cockeyed Cavaliers" go. The girls left to right, are: Doris Campbell, Betty Egan, Virginia Edwards, Eva Reynolds, line Wilson and Harriet Duffy. They all appear in the picture

Beach near that of Connie Bennett and umpires beach baseball for all the movie colony there.

In Tune with the Times

AMONG the others, we find Arthur Johnston and Sam Coslow, who wrote that sprightly "Cocktails for Two" from "Murder at the Vanities." Sam can do a job on both words and music, as in the Burns and Allen picture, "Many Happy Returns." Johnston is responsible for "The Old Ox Road" in "College Humor," which made such a hit.

And don't forget the country's rallying cry from the depression, "Who's Afraid of the Big, Bad Wolf?," written for that popular children's classic, "The Three Little Pigs," by Frank Churchill and Ann Ronell, the first and only song from a movie short that ever became a hit. Ann has written both words and music for "Down to Their Last Yacht."

Then, there are other screen songs that the whole country—nay, the whole world—has been humming, while it danced. For instance: "Let's Fall in Love," by Harold Arlen, who also wrote "It's Only a Paper Moon" for "Take a Chance"; "My Dancing Lady," by the song-writing team of Jimmy McHugh and Dorothy Fields (the daughter of comedian Lew Fields); "Hold My Hand" (from "George White's Scandals") by Ray Henderson; "How Do I Know It's Sunday?" (from "Harold Teen") by Sammy Fain; "Tonight Is Mine" (from "Stingaree") by Frank Harling; "Waitin' at the Gate for Katy" (from "Bottoms Up") by Richard A. Whiting, who also wrote "Gather Lip Rouge While You May" for "My Weakness"; "Are You Makin' Any Money?" (from "Moonlight and Pretzels") by Herman Hupfeld; and "A Bowl of Chop Suey and You-ey" (from "Shoot the Works") by Walt Bullock. Also, don't forget that Mae West writes her own songs. And Ann Dvorak and Elissa Landi are amateur song writers.

There are still a few song scribes a little shy of pictures, such as Jerome ("Smoke Gets in Your Eyes") Kern and Irving Berlin. No one has so far been able to lure Kern away from theatrical productions and Bronxville, New York, long enough for exclusive picture work, although one remembers with pleasure the picture version ("The Cat and Fiddle." And "Show Boat," "Sweet Adeline" and "Roberta"—all Kern operettas—are coming up).

Irving Berlin did the music for "Puttin' on the Ritz" with Harry Richman and later "Reaching for the Moon" with Douglas Fairbanks. There are plenty of legends out about Berlin, such as the one that he punches out his melodies with one finger on the piano while an arranger takes them down; but they are exaggerated. Berlin can and does play the piano. He writes both words and music. Almost every day a long-distance call to New York from the Coast offers him the whole works if he will do the numbers for just one picture. But he has not found time so far. Sooner or later he'll fall. The pictures get them all eventually; it is only a question of time before they fall for Hollywood.

With the success of "One Night of Love"—the first movie to make grand opera palatable to the masses—it looks as if the greatest song-writers of them all (composers like Verdi, Puccini, Wagner, Schubert, Leoncavallo) will soon be represented on the screen. Such melody masters as Franz Lehar, Oscar Straus and the late Victor Herbert have already had operettas filmed. And one of these days the movies may present "Of Thee I Sing," with music written by that composer of songs and symphonic jazz, George Gershwin, whose famous "Rhapsody in Blue" had a movie hearing in Paul Whiteman's "King of Jazz."

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Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp. Louisville, Ky.

Too Valuable to Star

(Continued from page 23)

friends of three or four years ago find the identical happy, frank, prank-loving ginger-top in the studio to-day that they knew when she was trying out for her first vaudeville act, when jobs were few and hamburgers precious and she never even dreamed of Hollywood.

Sudden success has not turned her head, and Hollywood's famous high-hat is a red flag to her, as many a four-flusher has discovered just when his act seems to be going fine. It is because of Ginger's naturalness that she can team with almost any type of star, her own unaffected personality serving as a perfect foil for her partner's art.

There are those who can dance (though Ginger's astounding foot-work with expert Fred Astaire in "Flying Down to Rio" and "The Gay Divorce" has yet to be equalled), and there are those who can croon back at a crooner; there are those who can wisecrack at a wisecracker and those who can play dumb with the dumbest—but there is only Ginger Rogers who can do them all, and still have a whole sleeve-full of dramatic ability tucked away for possible use on a rainy day.

Critics say that Ginger was the partner who set Dick Powell off to best advantage. Radio Pictures wouldn't think of attempting to team anyone else with Fred Astaire, and Fox admits she is a "natural" for Jimmy Dunn. Universal selected her as first choice to play opposite the debonair William Powell in "The Great Ziegfeld," and other studios are casting such covetous eyes upon her in their efforts to build teams that will make the box-office cash register tinkle a merry tune that Radio made her new contract read for fifty-two weeks a year, instead of the customary forty—just so other producers wouldn't have to worry about what she might do in the extra twelve weeks.

Out of Work Six Months

BUT in spite of all Ginger's ability, her refusal to "put on an act" or tell the world how good she was kept her out of work in Hollywood for six dreary months. In fact, Hollywood never took the trouble to look into her case at all. If it had, she would not have been cast in a "bit" in a musical picture and then casually asked by the director in search of a "filler" if she thought she could sing the chorus of a song for a close-up.

When he heard her, he stared in amazement. "I didn't know you could sing like that. Where did you learn?"

"I sang in musical shows on Broadway," replied Ginger.

"Is that so? What ones?"

"'Top Speed' and 'Girl Crazy' were a couple of them."

"'Girl Crazy'!" repeated the director. "Oh, my gosh—are you *that* Ginger Rogers? Well, what do you know about that? Come on, we'll put in the whole song."

And that's how stars are made.

"Of course," admits Ginger, "I never was any good at impressing people, and I'd probably never have been in pictures at all if Paramount's scout hadn't happened to see me in New York in 'Top Speed' just when they needed a girl for the stock company at their Long Island Studio. I went out there daytimes."

Which brings us to Ginger's first partnership in films—with Charles Ruggles, in "Honor Among Lovers." Ginger's part in that picture was not a particularly bright one, but the way she got it is certainly illuminating.

One by one the principals of that stock company had been called back to Hollywood, until only enough remained on Long Island to make the picture, "Honor Among Lovers." So this was put into production, with Dorothy Arzner directing, and every member of the company participating. That is, every member except Ginger was participating.

Made Rôle for Herself

CONSEQUENTLY, she was not notified, and knew nothing of the work going on. It was not until two or three days later, on one of her regular trips out from Manhattan, that she discovered that a picture was being shot.

"What's my part?" she asked, a little breathlessly. (Ginger is always breathless.) "Everybody else in the company has a part, and I want mine."

"But there isn't any part you could play," explained Dorothy Arzner (who is, by the way, the only woman director in films).

"Charlie's got a part," Ginger said, indicating Ruggles, "and if Charlie's in it, I ought to be in it."

A large tear threatened to swamp a couple of Ginger's choicest freckles. She turned appealingly toward Ruggles. Charlie smiled encouragingly, cleared his throat and twiddled his thumbs.

"If there is one," replied Dorothy Arzner, "I can't recognize it. But I'll tell you what you do, dear. Take home a script tonight, and if you find any part that suits you, come back tomorrow bright and early and tell me about it."

Next morning Ginger was back, bright and early. "There," she exclaimed, triumphantly, opening the book and pointing to a certain character description, "that chorine."

"But, good heavens, honey," gasped the director, "this calls for a tall, dark, exotic, strikingly dressed, sophisticated woman of the most evident gold-digging type," and she looked down at Ginger's something less than one hundred pounds, her freckled face, dancing eyes and reddish hair.

"Oh," returned Ginger, "she doesn't have to be just like that. A little change wouldn't make any difference. She can have on funny clothes, and a funny little hat, poked over her eye, like this; and she can be awfully dumb. She can just hang on Charlie's arm, like this," demonstrating, "and look up at him like this," turning a dumb and adoring face up at her erstwhile partner, "and instead of that English accent and always trying to get something, she doesn't need to say a word—but just follow him around wherever he goes."

"Aside from those slight changes, you would leave her just the way the script says, eh?" smiled Miss Arzner. "But, Ginger, you've made yourself a part. We'll do it that way."

Ginger Rose to the Emergency

UNPRETENTIOUSLY meeting emergencies is Ginger's middle name, whether those emergencies happen to be framing gags with Joe E. Brown, perfecting intricate dance steps with Fred Astaire, or teaching tricks to chorus girls and "bit" players.

One day, when things weren't going so well for Ginger, her mother—who is a writer and stage director—received a telephone call from a theatre manager in Long Beach.

"I need help," explained the manager, "and I need it quickly. I'm putting on six acts of vaudeville and a good picture, but

this afternoon I had only nine people in the house. And there were less than fifty here last night. I want Ginger to come out and save my life, and I need her for the two-thirty show."

"That ought to be simple," replied her mother. "We have no act, no routine, no new songs and no pianist—and a whole morning to get ready."

"Oh, Ginger can figure out something," assured the theatre manager. "I'll take a chance on her."

Ginger, who had pulled the receiver far enough away from her mother's ear to hear what was being said, grinned and nodded emphatically.

"Well, she's crazy, too," replied the mother, "so I guess we'll be there."

"We'll have to hurry to get ready," was Ginger's amazing suggestion.

"Why hurry?" ironically inquired her mother, "Haven't you 'Am I Blue' absolutely mastered? Your whole repertoire, I believe. But a very appropriate song, and one the theatre manager will join you in after the show. But then, of course, you have your reputation as a resourceful young lady to maintain—and it wouldn't do to say 'No' simply because you haven't anything to do—unless, perhaps, you sing 'Am I Blue' backwards, in case they should happen to want an encore."

"We had to get a musician first," smiles her mother to-day. "When I finally located one and got him on the 'phone, Ginger worked out her routine with him, one at each end of the line—humming her songs for him to follow on the piano. Then, as we drove out to Long Beach from Los Angeles, those two did their rehearsing in the car. And she sang 'Am I Blue.' She sang it slowly, and she sang it fast. She wailed it as a dark-skinned gal and moaned it as a forgotten lady. And then, after three encores, she sang the fool thing in 'pig Latin, and brought down the house."

Wowed Producer, Too

WHICH brings us to Ginger's work in "Gold Diggers of 1933," when she did the same thing with "We're in the Money." One day, during the shooting of the scene in which this song was featured, Ginger suddenly waved to a group of the chorus girls who were always somewhere near her, to draw up close. Then, all bending over in true football huddle formation, they listened to:

"Erewa inya etha oneyma owna," and so on and so forth, and as they giggled and chuckled, Darryl Zanuck, studio head, who stalked the sound stages during the production like one of the four horsemen, heard, drew close and listened.

"Who did that?" he suddenly demanded.

As the girls scattered in all directions, Ginger grinned, and bowed. "My top performance," she announced.

"Here, come over to the piano and let's hear that again."

Hearing it again, he turned to the director of the picture. "That goes in," he announced abruptly, and hurried back to the executive offices, to start the wheels grinding out more film for Ginger to caper through.

Personality, according to Ginger, is merely a matter of letting good enough alone, of being natural and not trying to pretend.

"If the public accepts a girl for what she is, and gives her success through its recognition, why should she immediately try to remake herself into something she is not?" asks Ginger. "Why not be just what you are, and ask your friends to smack you down if you try to go high-hat?"

(P. S.—Lew Ayres is the lad she favors—and it looks like wedding bells soon.)

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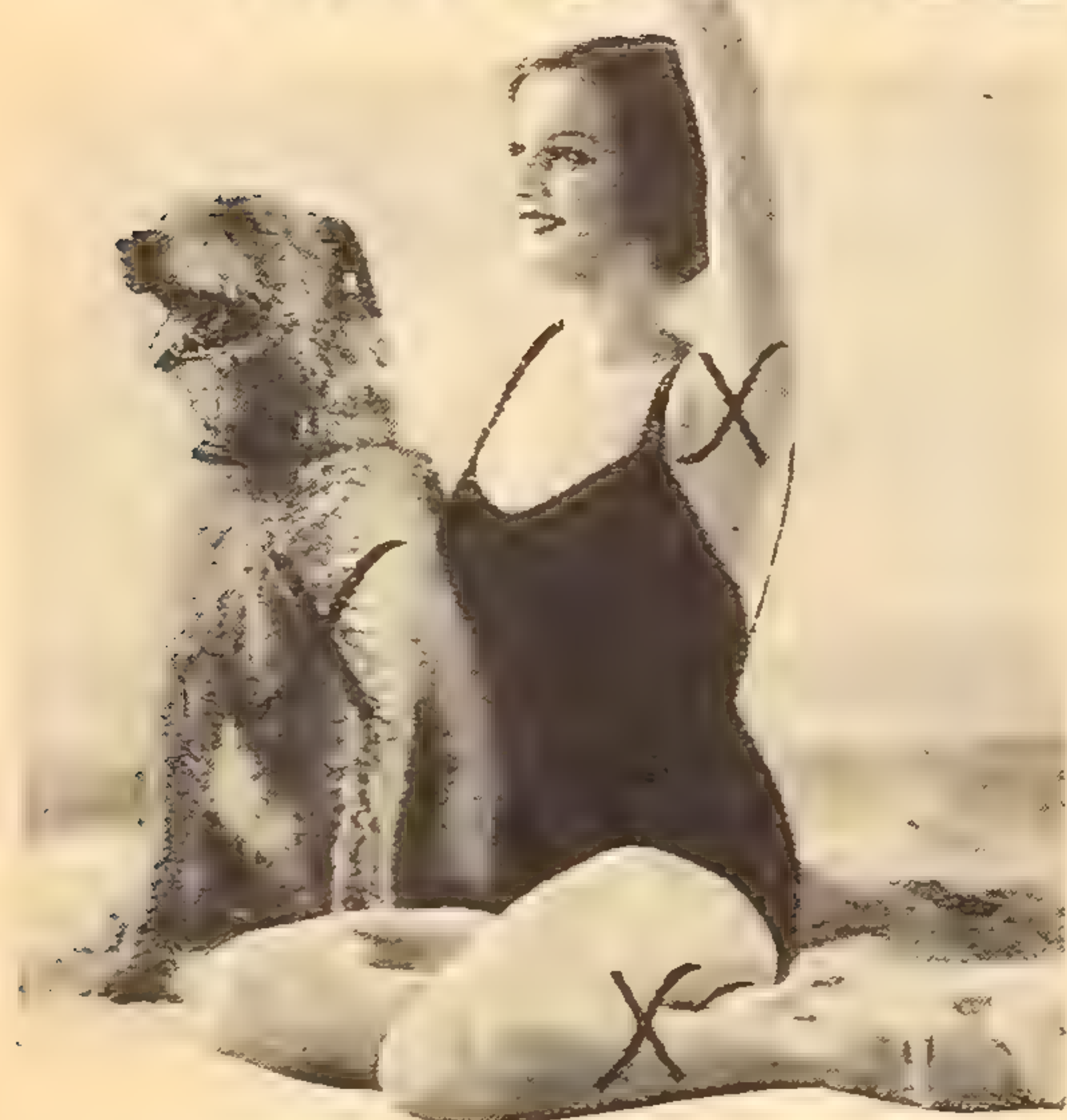
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"Little Man, What Now?" Answers the Call for Better Films, Says Reader

\$20.00 Prize Letter

With all this discussion going on concerning the need for better movies, we find one motion picture which can quiet the clamor, silence the complainant, and give peace and quiet to the human soul. This picture is, as perhaps you have already guessed, Hans Fallada's "Little Man, What Now?" directed by Frank Borzage.

Margaret Sullavan and Douglass Montgomery give such sincere performances that one leaves the theater feeling that he has just had a long heart-to-heart talk with two very remarkable people.

No impossible situations were in the picture, no scenes where the red flag of sex was waved before the audience, nothing which anyone would hesitate to relate or discuss freely before the most rigid of persons. When a picture can attain this standard and still be a box-office success, it has reached in my opinion the highest type of drama.

The love scenes between Miss Sullavan and Mr. Montgomery were a lovely presentation of how true love should conduct itself. It was love that was unashamed, sincere, and above all—powerful enough to be the salvation of two lives and to culminate in the courageous and victorious effort to provide for the arrival of a third.

MARGARET HAYDEN,
Azusa, Cal.

\$10.00 Letter

A New Note In
Mystery Stories
Sounded In
"The Thin
Man"

Eureka! At last a really diverting mystery picture, free from the clammy eeriness characteristic of most productions of this type. Instead of the usual attacks of goose-flesh, cold sweat and jittery nerves, I found myself indulging in amused chuckles as I followed the deductions of that inimitable sleuth of the celluloid, William Powell, alias *Nick Charles* in "The Thin Man."

Indeed, contrary to the blood-curdling canons of prevalent cinema thrillers, "The Thin Man" moves along on a strong undercurrent of humor, that in no wise detracts from the suspense and interest. Egged on by the beauteous and beguiling Myrna Loy, Powell wends his nonchalant way through a labyrinth of liquor, laughs and logic to a triumphant dénouement of the enigma.

L. W. PATTILLO, Jacksonville, Fla.

\$5.00 Letter

No Fear of Boycotts With
Stars Like Ruby Keeler

I can imagine the embarrassment of the leaders of the movie industry at the recent boycott instigated by the churches. The

mind of the masses at times moves slowly but inexorably, and it has at last taken a stand against the so-called salacious and demoralizing films to which our youth are being exposed.

May I suggest, as a way out of the dilemma, that producers find and engage more girls of Ruby Keeler's type—likeable, sweet, wholesome, and not obsessed with sex. Judging her by her behavior before the camera, I would say she is a girl that any man would unhesitatingly be proud to introduce to his mother.

Also, if they give us more pictures such as "Little Women," in which character and courage are justly exalted, there will never be any need to worry about boycotts by an irate public.

The movies are one of the greatest agencies for good in the country, provided however, they wish to avail themselves of their high privilege.

R. W. D., Penns Grove, N. J.

Honorable Mention

Shirley Temple
Will Bring
Them Back

If the vogue of little Shirley Temple, the new star, is as symbolic of public taste as Mae West was illustrative of a public nausea, then we must applaud her, not only for her clever and innocent acting, but also for her inspiring influence upon public entertainment.

As a feather may turn a scale and decide the balance, so may tiny Shirley Temple throw her weight on the side of wholesome motion

pictures, and win back the affronted thousands who are at present shunning the theatres because of unpalatable and suggestive films.

May the name, Shirley Temple, always mean excellent entertainment.

JEANNIE MOORHOUSE, West Los Angeles, Cal.

American Public Prefers Home-Grown Talent

Why do producers spend thousands of dollars to import foreign actors and actresses, training them, giving them country-wide publicity, when American artists are much more to the taste of the American public and in my opinion, more capable?

Why do producers and other officials of the screen world tolerate the temperament displayed by these foreigners and capitalize it, or is it just another way of appealing to public interest? For instance, there is the recent article in MOVIE CLASSIC about Francis Lederer's passion for reality as displayed by his insisting upon chewing genuine blubber in an Eskimo scene instead of a substitute much more appealing to civilized taste.

Picture the simplicity of such able artists as Helen Hayes, Ann Harding, Paul Muni, Barbara Stanwyck, Alice Brady,—no breaking into tantrums and sending an entire staff scurrying on useless errands. It doesn't require the expenditure of a million dollars in advertising to urge the public to see pictures in which the above artists appear. Let's have more American pictures, with all American players.

MOLLY R. WINTERS, *Brooklyn, N. Y.*

Garbo Creates More Interest By Her Seclusion

When I see Greta Garbo in a film, I patiently try to find the greatness reputed to be hers. All I ever see is an angular person wandering about with a lost expression and a voice suggestive of a bad cold. She is no actress and her off-screen mannerisms are simply absurd.

Perhaps her frantic desire for seclusion is because she herself realizes just how much she lacks personality and fears that if people met her face to face they would find that out too. Therefore, she creates more interest by keeping away than she would by mingling.

I am also positive that Garbo has no wish to leave Hollywood despite the "I tank I go home" rumors. If she was serious about leaving Hollywood, she has the wherewithal to buy more railroad tickets than necessary with which to depart, but I think the trouble with Greta is that she does all her acting off screen.

PEGGY McNEILL, *Glasgow, Scot.*

Cary Grant Is The Only Leading Man for Mae West

I READ recently that Paramount is planning to star Cary Grant on the strength of the public's response to his work as Mae West's leading man.

Evidently, he is going it alone henceforth and I regret that this is the case. For his own sake, because I doubt that he will ever attain the same popularity and success that he would if he continued to play opposite our most glamorous siren; and for Miss West's sake, as I fear she will find in no other leading man the complete foil to her blonde beauty and frank personality that the dark looks and unassuming, almost shy, mannerisms of this tall, handsome chap afford her. The rather shocked-but-loving-her-just-the-same expression in his eyes, when she pulls one of her rowdy wisecracks, is priceless. I expect the movie public to raise a howl of protest when she appears with another leading man.

EDITH ROTHROCK, *Louisville, Ky.*

Colorful Figures of History Really Live on Screen

SHADES of the little red school house! When I think of how I hated history and how I now go for such pictures as "Disraeli," "Alexander Hamilton," "Voltaire" and "Henry the VIII"!

Time and fame have a way of setting men into historic attitudes. As a school kid, I found it hard to believe that the figures appearing on history's pages were once human beings like myself. The past, somehow, seemed like a group of heroic paintings, of beruffled and bewigged gentlemen who kindly faced the artist and passed into eternity that way!

But now, thanks to the talking screen, history becomes real flesh and blood . . . vivid, alive, fascinating! I am glad that my children have the opportunity of learning history through this medium, which I was denied. Pictures like the above-mentioned are a real inspiration and have sent me to the library to dig out more about these colorful figures. I am now learning the history I missed.

LEE THOMAS, *Lynchburg, Va.*

The girl who captivates them all is generally very good looking... If beauty wise she enjoys DOUBLE MINT gum to help keep her loveliness. It relaxes any hard lines there might be in her face. (Try it yourself and see.)



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Charming star of stage and screen

2 Glorious Days

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258 First St. San Francisco, Calif.

Speaking of Stars . . .

THE biggest picture ovation in months was given to Grace Moore and Tullio Carminati, when Hollywood got its first glimpse of "One Night of Love." Grace was present, but Tullio was in New York . . . **Kay Francis** has gone abroad for a long rest—part of which she will get in Rome, at the home of Count and Countess di Frasso, Gary Cooper's friends. Other friends relate that she still weeps in the silent watches of the night over the break-up of her marriage to Kenneth MacKenna. She may have obtained the divorce, but they claim that she wasn't the one who wanted it. And, apparently, even Maurice Chevalier and William Powell haven't been able to console her. Though if Maurice can get to Europe before she returns, he might try again . . . **John Gilbert's** latest ex-wife, Virginia Bruce, telegraphed: "Darling, isn't it wonderful?" when she heard of his getting a big rôle in "The Captain Hates the Sea," with other offers thronging in upon him. She's the only one of his four ex-mates who has remained a pal. Furthermore: "I prefer to be called Mrs. Gilbert. That is my legal name—Virginia Bruce Gilbert. I have a child and I want to keep my married name" . . . **Ralf Harolde** just walked up to the altar with an astrologist, Georgia Wheeler. Wonder if that's a tip-off that Ralf has a big screen future? . . . **Lew Cody**, who died in his sleep a few nights after "Shoot the Works" was completed, was buried in his native New England—in the same cemetery with his French-Canadian forebears. **Dorothy Dell**, who was killed only a few nights later in an automobile accident, was buried in New Orleans, where she started on her meteoric career, rather than in her native Hattiesburg, Mississippi . . . **Cody** left \$42,000 in realty, \$1,300 in cash, and \$4,450 in personal property—a small estate when you consider that he had been prominent in films ever since 1915, but eloquent testimony to the high cost of living as a star . . . **Josephine Hutchinson**, who ranks next to **Eva Le Gallienne** in that actress' famed repertory company, is a phenomenon to Hollywood. Instead of sweeping into Hollywood in dazzling fashion as many a stage star does, she arrived two months ahead of the time when her contract was to begin—so that she could sit on the side-lines of sets and learn the technique of movie-acting. This girl is one of Hollywood's increasing crop of sincere artists. Her first picture will be "Gentlemen Are Born," with **Dick Powell**—who has manifested an interest in **Margaret Lindsay** since

Mary Brian left town . . . Several liquor companies are trying to get advertising tie-ups from movie stars, whose private bars have been photographed. The stars are pouting "No," displaying false modesty at their expertness in mixing cocktails and highballs . . . **Joe Penner**, the "Wanna buy a duck?" man, is reported to be getting \$75,000 for the six weeks he will spend in making "College Rhythm" with **Lanny Ross**. And just a year ago, he was reported to be getting \$750 a week for strutting his stuff in vaudeville . . . **Thorne Smith**, author of the hilarious "Night Life of the Gods," is newly dead, but his story still lives on. In fact, it's going to be immortalized on the screen, with **Lowell Sherman** directing . . . **George Burns** and **Gracie Allen** are gonna have a baby—if they can find one they like in an orphanage. That is, they will when they return from a jaunt in Europe. They sailed on the same boat with **Kay Francis** . . . **President Roosevelt** has had enough movies on board the *U. S. S. Houston* to keep him entertained every evening. He's a dyed-in-the-wool fan and the producers sent him their best pictures, many of them not yet released. Hollywood hoped he would stop off on his way from Hawaii . . . **Dorothy Mackaill**, just back from abroad, got so homesick for Hollywood that she hopped a boat without saying goodbye to her father in England; she radioed for forgiveness . . . **Max Baer** is coming back to Hollywood—perhaps to play the milkman who accidentally becomes a prize-fighter in the comedy, "The Milky Way"—and he'll be on the same lot with **Mae West**, who has always liked prize-fighters. (Her father used to be one.) . . . **Maxie**, reported pining for his ex-wife, **Dorothy Dunbar**, was bounced back on the ropes by her recent court application to have her name legally changed from **Dorothy Dunbar Baer** to **Dorothy Dunbar Wells**, her name by a former marriage. She doesn't (!) enjoy the publicity connected with the name of **Baer** . . . Claiming that she had been made "ill and nervous" by the cussing and furniture-wrecking of her **Tarzan**, **Lupe Velez** filed divorce proceedings against **Johnny Weissmuller**. Eight days later, hostilities were called off—again. Her lawyer announced, "They are apparently very much in love with each other" . . . **Charles Ray** and his wife, the former **Clara Grant**, recently revealed that they have been separated for a year, because of incompatibility. No divorce plans have yet been announced . . . **Minna Gombell** and her hubby,

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ZIP

DEPILATORY CREAM
PERFUMED / *Spray Deodorant*

Also to check perspiration, use

Joseph W. Sefton, Jr., San Diego banker, recently celebrated their first anniversary uniquely. She was in Honolulu on vacation; he was in San Diego, but he drew up a "declaration of trust," in which he stated "that the year ending this day has been one grand year, due solely, entirely and without the possibility of doubt, to the personality, understanding and affection of one Minna Gombell Sefton." When they were married, he drew up a legal document specifying that between the hours of 3 p.m. and 1 a.m., she would be privileged to go out with any unattached male of her choice, if business kept the Seftons apart . . . Barbara Stanwyck and Frank Fay have been playing Good Samaritans again. Two years ago, they went to the aid of Fay Temple Mack, stage actress, who was told she would never be able to walk again, because of a spinal infection. With their help, she has fought her way back to health . . . The Crosby double Blessed Event—now there was news. Bing's and Dixie Lee's brace of boys are the first twins born to any movie couple. Bing and Dixie knew that there would be two (X-rays told them), but they didn't expect them so soon. Result: the babies had to live incubator lives at first, with even the slightly dazed father not permitted to see them . . . Gilda Gray, the first shimmy-shaker and former screen star, is now a Baroness. Her husband, Hector Briceno de Saa, just inherited the title and part of the million-dollar estate of a Baron-uncle. Gilda's comment: "Isn't it great! Isn't it wonderful! Isn't it grand!" . . . Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., recently gave Gertrude Lawrence a small yacht in England. At the christening, when she named the boat "Grateful," she couldn't break the bottle of champagne in the orthodox manner, though she tried three times. A hatchet was called for, the bottle was broken, the ship named, and a yachting party set off for a week-end cruise. So that romance is still very much "on" . . . And newspaper dispatches tell of Douglas Fairbanks and Lady Sylvia Ashley flying to France for a week-end with titled friends . . . Will Rogers, who has finished "Judge Priest," is off for a world tour, on which he'll pay particular attention to Japan, Soviet Russia, Scandinavia and Germany. His wife and two sons went along . . . Buster Collier, who used to be the "date" champion of silent days (the Lyle Talbot of his time, at it were), sends word from London that in the Fall he is marrying Marie Stevens, former "Follies" beauty . . . Jack Holt is being rumored about to marry again—with the prospective bride a San Francisco society woman.



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A HOTEL amazing in its varied vacation appeal. Embracing within its own grounds the fairways of an 18-hole Pitch-and-Putt Golf Course—Tennis Courts and Archery—Pergola walks and shady nooks—and the magnificent **AMBASSADOR LIDO**, with generous sand beach encircling a huge open-air plunge. Indoors—a "talkie" theatre, doctors, dentist, post office and 35 smart shops. Exquisitely decorated rooms and suites—the merriest of night life at the **COCOANUT GROVE**.

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What Guests Have Said

Prince and Princess Asaka of Japan: "Enjoyed the city immensely, and believe it was partly due to the elaborate entertainment given them in your hotel."

Mr. Albert D. Lasker: "When the opportunity comes to me of stopping with you, it is a pleasure to which I look forward."

Madame Amelita Galli-Curci: "I am looking forward to another visit to the Ambassador Hotel this Fall. It is one of the most beautiful I know of."

Mr. John Barrymore: "I have always found the Ambassador a delightful place to live and shall be glad to have you say so."

Carl Van Vechten: "The Ambassador is, I should think, one of the very best hotels in the world."

+

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Room and Restaurant Tariffs upon request.



The LOS ANGELES **AMBASSADOR**

Dancing nightly at the world famous **COCOANUT GROVE**

Managed by **BEN L. FRANK** with the co-operation of an unusually loyal and efficient staff of employees.

Intimate Hollywood Gossip

(Continued from page 14)

West—but by way of the Canal, which gave the homeward trip a honeymoon air. . . . A few days before the wedding, his first wife, Winifred Coe Dix, announced her engagement to Dr. Harley J. Gunderson, noted surgeon. Dix and his first wife have one child, a daughter, who is in the custody of her mother.

Gloria Re-Decorates

GLORIA SWANSON decided to re-decorate the patio of her home, herself. She found some garden tables and chairs among the props left from the ill-fated "Queen Kelly." "It is the only thing I have ever been able to salvage from that picture," she explained.

Wishing to repaint the furniture, Gloria bought some eleven dollars' worth of paint in several colors. The following day she sent for more paint. The chauffeur returned for another re-order the third day.

"What in the world is Miss Swanson painting?" asked the paint store proprietor. "Furniture," replied the chauffeur.

Knowing that Gloria had purchased enough to paint an entire house, the proprietor called to investigate. He discovered that she was using it without mixing it.

Title Note

"WE Live Again" is the title finally chosen for "Resurrection," which Anna Sten is making for Sam Goldwyn. When it became known that a new title was being sought, one Hollywood gagster suggested "Sten Up and Cheer."

Our Gayer Generation

JEANETTE MACDONALD welcomed her perpetual fiancé, Bob Ritchie, returned from an European talent hunt for M-G-M, by giving him a surprise cocktail party. As Bob brought his mother to visit Jeanette and her mother (it was Mrs. Ritchie's first Hollywood visit), the invita-

tions included other mothers, Jack Oakie's and many more.

There were more than a hundred and fifty guests, but the ones who were the gayest and who stayed the latest were the mothers.

Winchell Note

WALTER WINCHELL is more than a little annoyed at the character he believes to be himself in Paramount's "Shoot the Works." The columnist in the picture is played by William Frawley and indulges in a feud with the band leader played by Ben Bernie, with whom Winchell has so long engaged in a gag insulting match.

Winchell has obtained an injunction against the use of his name in advertising or publicity connecting him with the picture in any way.

Tragedy for Mary?

WE hear that the young music publisher, killed when a passenger airliner crashed recently in the East, was one of the latest of Mary Brian's admirers. And we also hear that for the first time Mary was on the verge of marriage. Still, she and Dick Powell have been seeing a good deal of each other while he has been filming "Flirtation Walk" at West Point, not far from New York, where Mary has been rehearsing for a revue. And Jack Oakie openly begs her to marry him in every interview he gives. There's something about these quiet gals. . .

Franchot's Ex-Romance

WE heard the other day that Franchot Tone was engaged to Judith Wood when he arrived in Hollywood and that he called her up by long-distance 'phone to tell her about Joan Crawford . . . just as she (Judith) was about to step onto the stage in a Broadway show. Credence is added to the story when we remember that as Franchot and Joan entered a famous



Even a casual visit to the Savoy-Plaza brings you face to face with your ideal of living in New York. Gourmets praise the cuisine . . . the service. From its windows a living mural of sheer beauty . . . Central Park. A design for living in New York. Suites of various sizes exquisitely conceived as in a private residence. Most reasonable rentals for monthly or longer stays. Single Rooms from \$5. Double Rooms from \$7. Suites from \$10.

Henry A. Rost, Managing Director
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SAVOY=PLAZA

FIFTH AVENUE
58th to 59th STREETS
NEW YORK CITY



The autograph hunters have no regard for vacations at all, but Lanny Ross doesn't seem to mind it a bit. The fair admirers caught him on the beach, in Atlantic City, and stormed him, with everything from a piece of paper to an inflated rubber sea-horse, for his signature

restaurant during the early days of their romance, Judith Wood, dining nearby had her table changed to put the length of the room between them. . . .

Kent Is Evelyn's "Steady"

KENT Taylor, the spies report is worried. He is being teamed again with Evelyn Venable, and though he admires Evelyn immensely this is the fifth picture in which he has made love to her and he is afraid the fans will soon not be able to think of him in any other rôle. Kent is quietly and happily married, besides being a clean-cut, likable young fellow (which, no doubt, makes him the continued choice of the fastidious Evelyn). With one of the most generous contracts in the business, the Venable girl has the right to refuse to do anything on the screen that she doesn't want to do. That included being "bundled" with Francis Lederer in a comedy of Early Colonial days. If you don't know the quaint and naive custom of "bundling," look it up in the encyclopedia and you'll see why Evelyn turned down the part! That Evelyn Venable—Hal Mohr is due to end in an elopement any day now, say her friends.

Matrimonial Danger Ahead?

WITH Charles Boyer parting with Fox and mentioning plans of going back to Paris, what of his little blonde English bride, Pat Paterson? Pat can't break away without sacrificing her whole career. Boyer's last trip back to Paris cost him his romance with Frances Dee. Might this trip lose him a wife?

May Never Come Back

MADELEINE Carroll may never come back to Hollywood. The men of the town went goofy about her, which isn't strange since report has it that a certain Royal Personage has been in love with her for years. But what have Hollywood men to offer Madeleine? Stardom? But she is already a great star in England. Diamonds? Don't make me laugh—Madeleine's husband, Phillip Asthey, is one of England's wealthiest men. And when you'vehausted those two stock prizes, Hollywood doesn't know what to suggest.

They Can't Ruffle L

THE first preview of "Of H age" brought forth a strange audience, growing from Mildred's cruelties to Phil whenever she appeared. "Take that Jane out!" proportions before the camera. "Amazin'," murmured it, "extraordinary people ever seen Leslie H ruffled. Recently he friend of his and his the Howard project privately taken picture in "stag parties unclad females on the of yours?" he murmured disclaimed any acquaintance. "ordinary!" said Leslie upstairs.

An Unv

BETTE Davis' husbands of his job in the Nelson Jr. refused star's husband. Colony Club or little and sings honestly. He dollars recently want a car, and spend on one. bargain than I. do?" Now he is Ford through the . (Cont

Charm!

Why are some women so glamorous and others so drab?

It may be a matter of health. Clear skin—sparkling eyes steady nerves—bubbling vitality—a dependable disposition. Radiant health attracts.

If you are not as well as you want to be, try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Sold by all druggists.



"My mother used to take your Vegetable Compound. I took it when I got married and now my daughter is taking it."—Mrs. Marie Lubeck, 1024 Boston Road, Bronx, New York.

Lydia E. Pinkham

"I got all rundown and tired out with no appetite. People told me about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. One bottle eliminated that awful tired feeling. My husband says I am like my old self."—Mrs. Pauline C.



900 Rooms— All Outside



Scoop! Long-Missing Valentino Film Found

(Continued from page 31)

views of the exquisite bay of Naples. Scenic Italy has been the subject of many screen travelogues. But you have never seen it as Valentino photographed it. The man was homesick and his nostalgia, as evidenced by his almost reverent presentation of his beautiful homeland, will bring a lump to your throat. Thousands of writers have penned great epitaphs for Rudolph Valentino. Yet he unconsciously wrote a greater one for himself—"I loved beauty."

Rudy also photographed the magnificent castle on the Hudnut estate. It is believed that he took them after his separation from Winifred Hudnut, the girl he married under her screen name, Natacha Rambova, and continued to love until his death.

Only once did Valentino take his camera with him to the studio and then solely for the purpose of filming his blooded Arabian horse, *Haroun*, in action.

In Alberto's possession is more than a reel of film taken at Rudy's funeral in New York and interment in Hollywood. Thousands of people can be seen lining the streets of both cities. Movie celebrities by the score came to bid him a last farewell—Charles Chaplin, Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks, Harold Lloyd, the Talmadges, Joseph Schenck and hosts of others attended the services. It comprises an imposing climax for the screen's first autobiography.

Tells More Than Words Could

Consider how amazing is this private film of effort,



"Yes, Betty, we'll always be BLONDES"

SUNNY golden curls... smart blonde coiffure. Mother and daughter keeping young together—thanks to Blondex. This special blonde hair shampoo not only helps prevent darkening—but safely brings back true golden color to dull, drab, faded light hair. Brings out the bright, gleaming lights—makes the hair soft and silky. No injurious chemicals. Not a dye. Invigorates the scalp. Ask any Blondex user! At all drug and department stores.

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Have you a full, oversize bust? You can reduce 3-5 inches and have alluring, slim loveliness with my famous Slimcream treatment, which reduced my bust 4½ inches, and weight 28 lbs. in 28 days! I GUARANTEE TO RETURN YOUR MONEY if your form is not reduced after applying my Slimcream treatment for 14 days! Full 30 days' Treatment, \$1.00, sent in plain wrapper. The ultra-rapid, GUARANTEED way to get those slender, girlish, fascinating curves so much admired. FREE! Send \$1.00 for my Slimcream treatment NOW, and I will send you, FREE, my world-famous, regular \$1.00 Beauty Treatment, with a gold-mine of priceless beauty secrets never before revealed! Limited Offer—SEND TODAY!

Daisy Stebbing, Dept. MC-10, Forest Hills, New York



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Flesh Colored Gum Rubber Reducing Garments LATEST BRASSIERE 2 to 3-inch compression at once. Gives a trim, youthful, new style figure. Send bust measure... \$2.25 NEW UPLIFT REDUCER..... \$3.25 REDUCING GIRDLE, 2 to 3-inch compression at once. Takes place of corset. Beautifully made; very comfortable. Laced at back, with 4 garters. Holds up abdomen. Send waist and hip measures..... \$4.50

Write for literature. Send check or money order—no cash. Jeanne M. C. Walter, 389 Fifth Ave., New York

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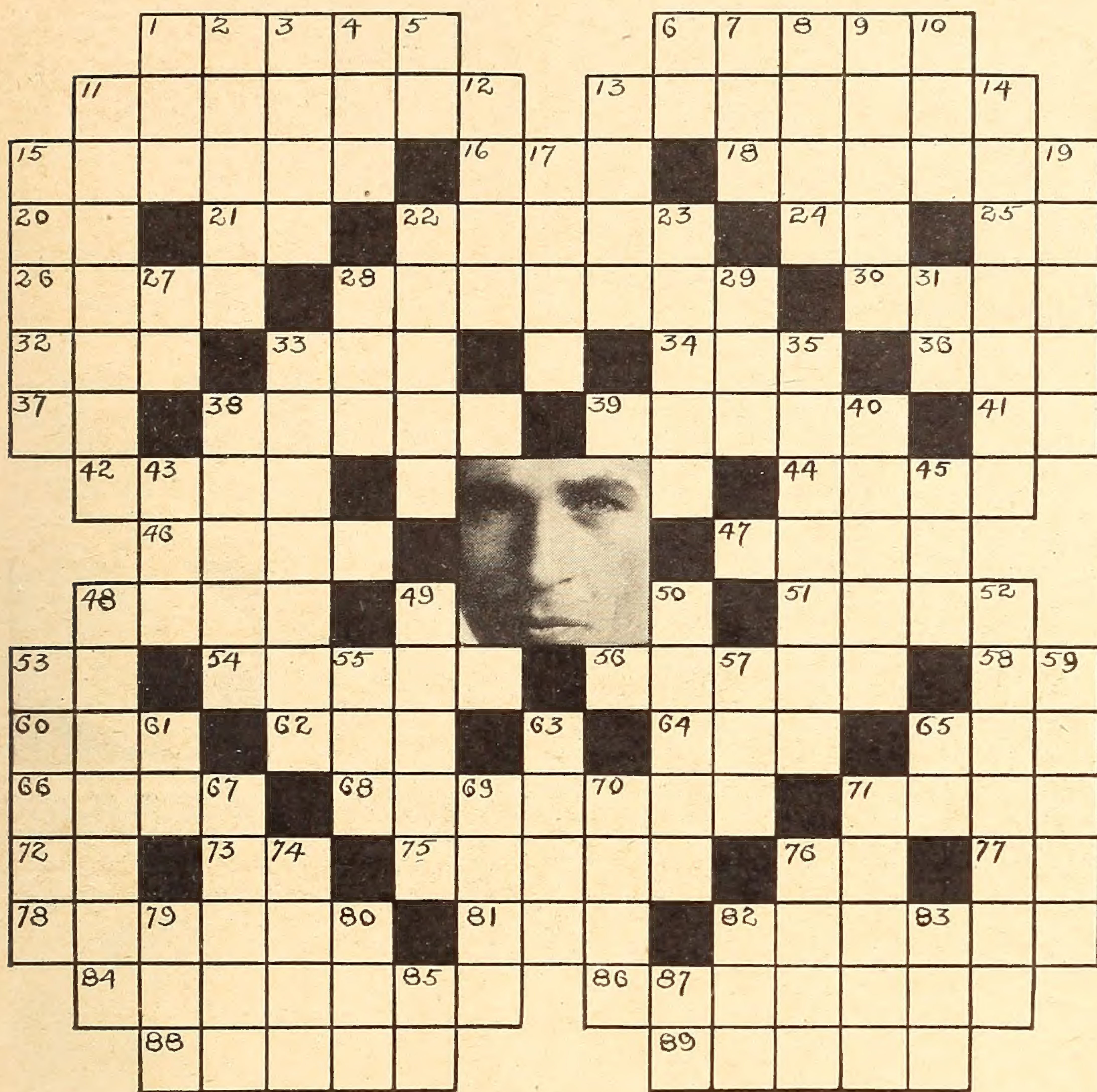
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For Moviegoers to Puzzle Over

By L. ROY RUSSELL



HORIZONTAL

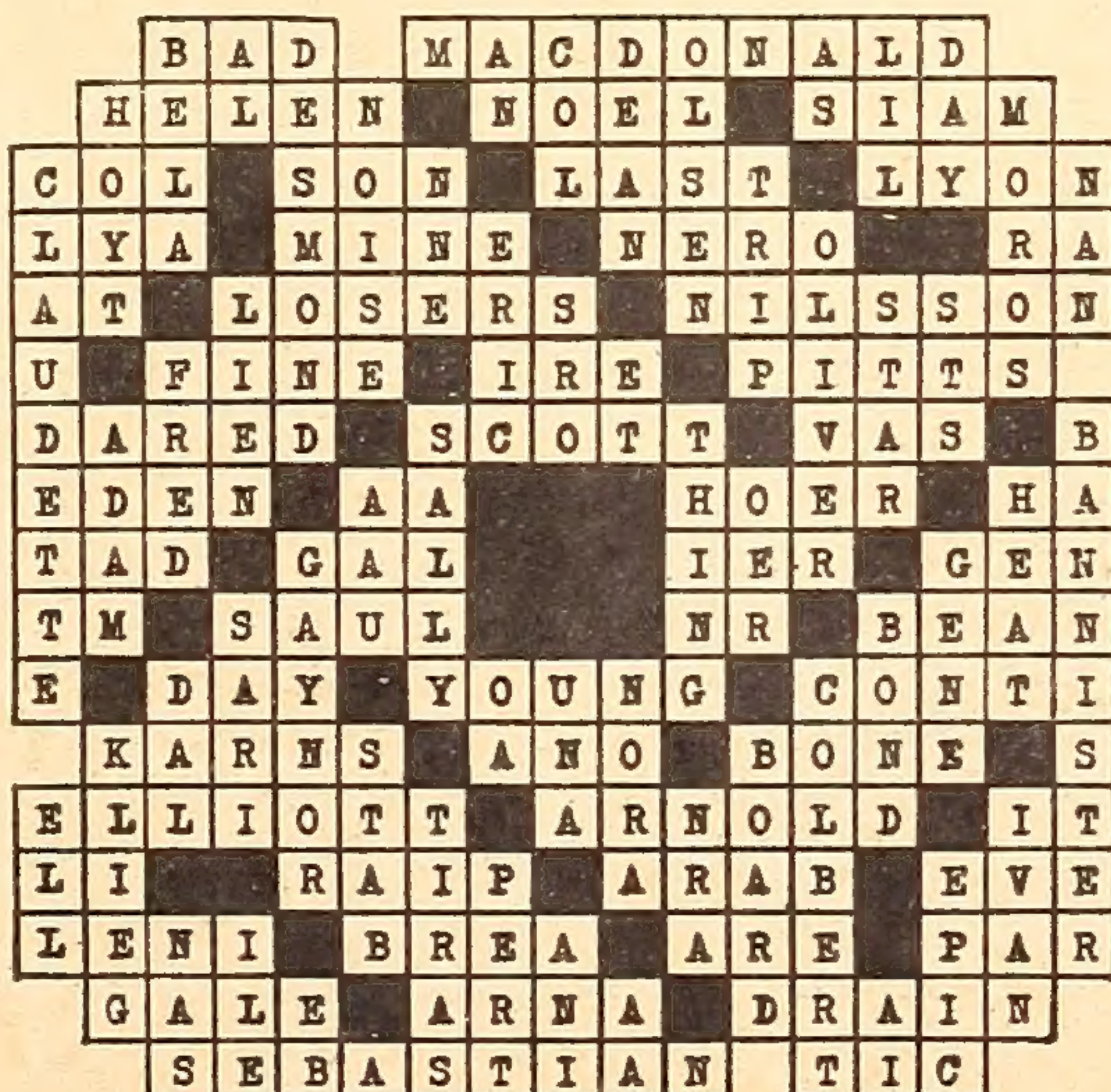
1. The Sun God (poss.)
6. His first name is John
11. Sarah in "Success at Any Price"
13. His first name is Louis
15. Last name of the star in the center
16. Starlet from England, aged sixteen
18. Take a letter from Bebe's last name to get this
20. Rankin's initials
21. Carey's initials
22. Will Rogers likes to kid the S
24. Valentino's widow (init.)
25. "Mine Tonight"
26. Mona Maris played Countess in "Kiss and Make Up"
28. Fuzzy in "Born to Be Bad"
30. "I've Got Number"
32. Her name means "one"
33. Screen "heavy" who recently died
34. "Tide"
36. Where fan letters go when incorrectly addressed (init.)
37. Natheaux' initials
38. What some mistakenly call Lyda Roberti
39. Poolzig in "The Black Cat"
41. Ever or always
42. Conduct a periodical
44. The movies will have to "clean up" or
46. A river in the homeland of Francis Lederer
47. "If I Were"
48. Theatres enter-
tainment
51. A peasant
53. Littledele in "Operator 13" (init.)
54. Alice in "The Circus Clown"
56. We'd like to see Disney make more of this man's fables
58. Slim Sullivan in "Half a Sinner" (init.)
60. Over
62. Loretta Young calls Sally Blane
64. Take son from Helen's last name and this is left
65. Only star who authors her own pictures
66. First name of the star in the center
68. Whatever became of Gish?
71. Carlotta in "Affairs of a Gentleman"
72. Initials of the author of "Counsellor at Law"
73. Kent Taylor's home state (abbr.)
75. A symbol or sign
76. He authored "Strange Interlude" (init.)
77. Anita in "Smarty" (init.)
78. In "Viva Villa" Beery led a band of these
81. Propellor
82. The Thirty-Day Princess
84. Dolly in "Sadie McKee"
86. A combining form; hard or firm
88. Worship
89. What puts the bubbles in beer

VERTICAL

1. Karloff doesn't have to say this to scare the children
2. The first Greek letter
3. Character actor who recently died
4. W. C. Fields and —oy are "enemies"
5. Mrs. Harry Joe Brown (init.)
6. A stuttering comedian (init.)
7. "The — Dark House"
8. "Charlie —'s Courage"
9. His last name is O'Neil
10. Add one letter and you have Linden's name
11. Recently divorced from Walter Morosco
12. Norma Shearer's rôle in "Strange Interlude"
13. Carole Lombard's health is deli—
14. Plural of nebula

15. What Carole's name used to be
17. Manners' nickname
19. A famous movie baby
22. Johnny in "Viva Villa"
23. The rubber-legged comedian
27. Initials of a juvenile actor
28. Dr. Hitchcock in "Operator 13"
29. Guy Standing's title
31. Claire D—d is always "the other woman"
33. Grace Menken is — wife
35. His first name is Arthur
38. A cotton fabric that sounds like a star's first name
40. What even stars need
43. Dorothy Dell had a premonition she would
45. Kathryn —gava looks like Garbo
48. The star of "The Barretts of Wimpole Street"
49. Most of us would like to pay Hollywood a —
50. Hale in "The Lost Patrol"
52. Dr. Monica
53. Briggs in "I'll Tell the World"
55. A shortening of Roth's first name
57. "The — of Nora Moran"
59. The nurse in "Little Man, What Now?"
61. Raul's initials
63. Her last name is Chase
65. Jack Oakie was born in this state (abbr.)
67. Surrender
69. Jimmy Durante acts as crazy as a —
70. Remember the late Walter H—?
71. John Shadwell in "The Life of Vergie Winters"
74. Too
76. A species of wildcat
79. Cry of a sheep
80. Steamer (abbr.)
82. "— America Thirst"
83. How the Baron would say what
85. Old English (abbr.)
87. Young's initials

Solution to Last Month's Puzzle



from **160 pounds to 132 in just 8 weeks! . . .**

Just think of losing almost 30 pounds in twice that many days. That's just what Miss Hartford did through an easy method you can use.

"The day my weight reached 160 pounds I made up my mind that I must do something. The scales had been pointing higher each week until I despaired of ever looking my old self again. But that's all changed now—I weigh just 132 lbs.—exactly what I should for my height and age and, am I happy? Ask my family and friends. "I used a simple method—one that is so easy I never dreamed it could accomplish such an amazing transformation. And, with this harmless, drugless method I ate a full dinner every day."

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510 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

You may send me a full 30-day treatment of Wate-Off for trial. I will deposit only \$2.45, plus a few cents postage, with the postman upon delivery, but this is to be returned to me without question or argument if I return the package in 10 days. No charge is to be made for what I have used.

Name _____
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NOTE: Of course, if you prefer, you may enclose \$2.45 (check or money order) with the coupon and everything will be sent postpaid with the same "money back" guarantee.

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in a
foreign land*

**A FULL WEEK AT
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\$45²⁵ PER PERSON
2 in a Room

INCLUDES: ROOM WITH BATH
NIGHTLY DINNER DANSANT
in Sal de Fiesta
ALL FLOOR SHOWS *in Patio and
Sal de Fiesta*
DAILY LUNCHEONS *in the PATIO
with Wine or Beer*
BREAKFASTS *in the PATIO*
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Golf over 18 hole all-grass course
Pitch-and-Putt Golf Tennis

\$4⁵⁰ OVERNIGHT RATE Per Person
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Except Saturday, \$5
INCLUDES
DINNER DANSANT • FLOOR
SHOW • ROOM WITH BATH
\$5.50 Single

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Agua Caliente, Mexico, is just a few
minutes from San Diego, easily
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visitors. Taste the delights of
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Intimate Hollywood Gossip

(Continued from page 79)

Bette Takes Fan for a Ride

IT was this car which an ardent Bette Davis fan saw standing in front of the star's home when she came to call on her one day. Bette did not disabuse her of the idea that that was the only car of the household, but cheerily offered to drive her over to the studio for a visit. "Do you know," murmured the fan as they jounced and rattled breathlessly over Cahuenga Pass, "I don't think I'll ever believe what I read about movie stars again. . . ."

On Speaking English

CECIL B. DE MILLE, picture pioneer, producer and director, confides one of Hollywood's big troubles to sixteen prominent college presidents. He writes them: "As a producer and director of motion pictures, I have found great difficulty in procuring actors and actresses in Hollywood who can speak the American language correctly. Those who do speak correctly are at a premium, while the bulk of the available players are found to speak in one long string of vowels, letting consonants fall where they may. These latter actors represent the results of the general American system of education, and my problem with them is also the problem of every other director in the motion picture industry. Is there not some way in which our language can be made and kept pure at its source—where the actor and the man in the street first learn it—in the public schools?"

Genevieve Tobin Is No Vamp

RETURNING from a vacation in England, Genevieve Tobin—Irene Castle McLaughlin's candidate for the title of "Hollywood's best-dressed woman"—talks about another big Hollywood problem. She says: "I went to England because I'm sick of playing a vamp. I'm not a vamp off the screen, so I managed to have a good rest. If the churches can reform the movies, they're doing something that actors and actresses have been trying to do. No actress wants to play in an indecent picture. You may be able to hold out twice against such a picture, but usually, owing to contracts, you find you're in a picture you don't want to play."

Unworried Until November

RUDY VALLEE, king of the crooners, signs a truce in his legal warfare with his estranged wife, Fay Webb Vallee, which means that until November 19 he will be free to enter California, accept a movie offer, and depart without having to dodge process servers. The last time he was on the Camera Coast, he proved himself as elusive as Garbo, but when his picture was finally completed, he was reported to have had to resort to false whiskers and a dark night to make his getaway to the East. Fay is trying to set aside a separation agreement by which she receives \$100 a week, and has brought action for divorce in California, asking \$7,500 a month alimony. Justice Cotillo, in New York, commenting on the temporary cessation of hostilities, remarks: "It sounds like the signing of the Treaty of Versailles."

Patricia Ziegfeld's Ambition

PATRICIA ZIEGFELD, eighteen-year-old daughter of the late Florenz Ziegfeld and Billie Burke, enters motion pictures. She has become associated with William Anthony McGuire, who, with her mother, is producing "The Great Ziegfeld," based on the life of the famous glorifier of the American girl.

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